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HIGH TIMES

Will success spoil Cheech & Chong? Of course. See page 32.



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Opinion.

Dear Old Reader:

When I liberated this magazine, I was told not to mess with success. They said I couldn't print anything *bad* about dope, not even morbid bring-down bummer shit like angel dust, or those new boot 'ludes that make you puke for 20 minutes and then sleep for three hours; don't even *mention* anything like that, they told me, it'll scare off our *doper* readership. Of course, these chi-chi '70s "professionals" weren't into any kind of dope themselves anymore. It interfered with their careers, their diets and (naturally) their running time.

So just to show these sell-outs, I slipped an informal reader poll into a recent issue. Maybe I'm psychic or maybe it was that primo sinsemilla, but I had this *feeling* the results would prove that our readers were still young, angry, antiestablishment, dedicated to work they liked, hard partyers after work. And, far fucking out! As soon as the computer picked up the vibes, I was able to set all those straights really straight and go completely bananas like I always wanted. Every issue from now on is going to be *purely* devoted to dope, rock 'n' roll and fucking in the streets—everything that makes the straights freak out. And, no more cute, slick graphics either—every page will be a dynamic celebration of visual anarchy. We're here to give you what you want and that's a pledge.



Gabrielle Schang
Editor and Publisher

Dear New Reader:

When I was invited to become the publisher of HIGH TIMES last year, the magazine was languishing in the clutches of a clique of aging hippies, unable or unwilling to grow out of the burnt-out knee-jerk radicalism of the '60s.

I knew I would have to dump all that dope, rock 'n' roll and wild sex, and get with the new, more wholesome lifestyles of the post-countercultural generation. But the old timers around the office shot down all my ideas for making HIGH TIMES graphically elegant and editorially responsible. Frankly I think they were suffering from amotivational syndrome.

So I went to some market-analysis experts and had them develop a formal readership survey questionnaire that went out a few issues back. I had an intuition that my tentative changes in the direction of HIGH TIMES were already attracting a new, older, more affluent and intellectually mature brand of reader. The results confirmed what my finely tuned business savvy had already predicted. As soon as the responses were tabulated, computer-correlated and outprinted, I had the ammunition I needed to detoxify and rejuvenate the old HIGH TIMES. I was able to sweep out reckless dope journalism and open up the magazine to more kinds of highs like hang-gliding, dreaming and honest, simple love. We're here to give you what you want and that's a pledge.



Gabrielle Schang
Editor and Publisher

Will success spoil Cheech & Chong? Of course. See page 32.



Yep, as our cover shows, Cheech and Chong are your everyday, down-to-earth, just plain objects of worship, and in our scintillating **Interview** conducted by Ed Dwyer, C&C elucidate on everything from Montezuma's Revenge to how poor they used to be. It'll tear your heart out. Cover design by Bob Gill, photo by Tony Costa.

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The unknown shows its face—and gets hit with a pie in **The Persecution and Assassination of the Parapsychologists as Performed by the Inmates of the American Association for the Advancement of Science under the Direction of the Amazing Randi** by Robert Anton Wilson.

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When George Bernard Shaw ruefully wondered "Why is it that dope is wasted on the young?" he hadn't read **Confessions of a 63-year-old Pot Virgin** by Molly Bigonét, wherein a wonderfully youthful oldster gets wasted on the dope.

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Hey reader, wanna cop? Come closer to the page—Shhh! Don't fidget, look normal. Here's one **HIGH TIMES Centerfold** where we tell you exactly where to buy what's pictured! But keep it hush-hush, will ya?

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Since the late '60s, scores of cattle have been horribly butchered by an unseen, bloodthirsty menace. In **Death Stalks the Prairie: The Strange Phenomenon of Cattle Mutilations**, authors Tom Clark and David Perkins investigate these killings and find clues that lead, improbably, to the skies.

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Make Me to Hear Joy and Gladness; That the Bones That Thou Has Broken May Rejoice—Psalm 51:8, Chapter and Verse from Bob Marley as Witnessed by Ras Rose.

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The man meets the myth in **Credibility Is an 8X10 Glossy** starring Ronald Reagan, in which is presented the blueprint for a low-budget B-presidency. **59**



Sex changers, heart pumpers, muscle builders—come partake in the thrill of victory, the agony of withdrawal in **Steroid Madness: Drugs and the Olympics** by Bill Starr. **65**



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International Weird



Our cover-story extravaganza starring Cheech and Chong is brought to you by prodigal son **Ed Dwyer**, prodigal because he used to be **HIGH TIMES'** feature editor before being lured to the land of the tinsel tush to work for *Ovi* magazine. Dwyer last touched base with "I Was a Dope-Crazed Sex Fiend" back in October '78. Good to have you back Ed, even if your price is getting prohibitive.

Science-fiction and fantasy aficionados need no introduction to **Robert Anton Wilson**—unless they want to meet him for brunch, that is. Wilson, whose coauthored best-selling classic *Illuminatus*



Robert Anton Wilson

trilogy is Broadway-bound for later this year, says, "In my life, the paranormal is totally normal—it happens all the time!" Further clarification of this can be found in the current Wilson trilogy, *Schrödinger's Cat* (Pocket Books), volume two of which should be landing at your favorite bookstore soon.

Who's



Tom Clark

David Perkins

And speaking of paranormal, see page 45 for the strangest cattle story ever as documented by literary cowhands **Tom Clark** (left) and **David Perkins**. Clark edited the poetry section of the *Paris Review* for ten years and wrote *The World of Damon Runyon* (Harper & Row). His latest is a collection entitled *The Last Gas Station and Other Stories* (Black Sparrow Press). Dave Perkins lives on a Colorado commune in a house carved from a 20-ton block of granite. He has written for the *Boulder Monthly* and *Taos* magazine and continues to explore the UFO connection with the mysterious mutilations written about here. Keep us

posted, Dave, but next time wipe your feet before you come into the office, okay?

Molly Bigonét's delightful deflowering via Alice B. Toklas (see page 50) hasn't influenced her husband—he still refuses to partake of the pot brownies that brought such joy to this grandmother of three. "I think he's over the hill," Bigonét says, "but for me, a brownie a day keeps the doctor away." Molly spends her time puttering around a four-acre farm in northern California "picking wildflowers, moss and grapeleaves" and tending a stash she keeps "camouflaged among the tomatoes."

Now it's high time we mentioned something about our editorial director, **Larry "Ratso" Sloman**. Ratso is no stranger to **HIGH TIMES**—he tried for

high?

years to get a job here. First came stories on the rock beat for *Rolling Stone* and *Crawdaddy*, and books such as *On the Road with Bob Dylan* and *Reefer Madness*. Rats is currently putting the finishing touches to *Thin Ice: A Year with the New York Rangers* to be published by William Morrow. How does it feel to be in charge, Rats? "It's great, but I still can't get my hands on a pharmaceutical Quaalude!"

Finally, you may note that the Magazine of Feeling Good is looking good, too. One good reason is **Bob Gill**, eminent graphics maven, who designed this entire ish. Gill coauthored and codedesigned the Broadway production of *Beatlemania*, was the youngest winner of the New York Art Directors gold medal and founded Pentagram, the largest design office in Europe. For a man of such talents you'd think H.T. would be a gas. Shrugs Gill, "It's not as traumatic as I hoped it would be."



Ratso and Maven

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Letters.

High Tech Warning

The Unknown Programmer's letter [HIGH TIMES, March '80] reminded me of a course I took in college concerning cryptanalysis. The idea of having a computer code your message and then passing that through an acoustic coupler to have the electrical impulses converted to audible sounds for transmission via Ma Bell is commendable, but hardly original, and is not as safe as one might think. Unbroken coding methods become government secrets and broken codes are only allowed to the public if the government thinks they're harmless enough. The government even limits what college professors can teach in this field.

So to readers who wish privacy, beware! Just because you can fool your friends and neighbors with what you think is an unbreakable code doesn't mean you'll fool the feds. There's nothing that prevents them from recording your transmission and feeding it to another computer to translate it back to numbers and then decrypting the numbers. Do some

extensive research on decrypting methods and be prepared to be blown away. There's a lot of information on the subject, but it hardly scratches the surface compared to what the government knows. Don't keep using one crypting method all the time, either. Change your code frequently.

—Carl Olsen, Pittsfield, Mass.

Dope at Sunset

Just to let you know all is well in the "flower capital of the world," just north of San Diego, despite



record heat, smog and nefarious hovering helicopters. With any kind of luck, the plant will be harvested soon and the fruits of the labor will be enjoyed on the slopes of a Pacific Northwest ski resort.

—Spider, Portland, Ore.

Support Stogies

I feel compelled to tell you how excited I was to read "Don't Bogart that Stogie" [HIGH TIMES, March '80]. For a long time I have championed the use of marijuana leaf in cigar making, and I see no reason why marijuana cigars couldn't reach the same level of fame and quality as fine Cuban, Jamaican or Canary Island cigars. The stogies depicted in your centerfold appear to have been rolled with great pride, and I commend their maker.

—A Capitalist, New York, N.Y.

Costa Rican Nightmare

In a recent "Letters" section you printed one from a fellow who

indicates that Costa Rica is a "liberated" country and a great party spot. He quotes prices at \$20 a ki and boasts of the great quality of the *mota*.

I am beginning my 17th month in prison in Costa Rica, and I am truly aware of the pot and coke scenes.

A pound (not a ki) of what I would grade as "low commercial" (which makes up 95 percent of this country's pot) sells for between 400 and 1,000 colones, or \$50 to \$120. A \$20 ki is strictly a *regalo* ("gift"), and gringo tourists should not come expecting those low prices.

As far as quality is concerned, it is generally bad. There is smoke easily available in jail for \$1.20 a joint. I have tasted pot from all over the country and it just doesn't make the mark established by the growers of Colombia or Panama.

Regarding penalties for drug possession, the minimum sentence is six years for one seed or more, and the judges hand out time like it was mass murder. Another important point is that a drug offender will generally wait a year before even going to court, and there is no bail in drug cases. Two brothers are currently in jail, as was their mother for ten days, on charges of *trafico* for having two pot plants in their backyard. The police are also quick to use firearms in any and all drug arrests.

—James Kehoe,
Alajuela, Costa Rica

No Reply

A month ago my 14-year-old son, Anton Cole, sent you a batch of his drawings, including a cartoon series called "Marijuana Man." Personally, I wish he would find a different theme, but nevertheless I think he is talented and humorous, and he went to a good deal of bother to send you some of his work. I was annoyed the other day to see that you had returned his work, including his letter to you,

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without so much as a word. I find that very insulting. Perhaps you can't consider work of a minor for publication. Well, fine, but tell him. No word whatsoever is incomprehensible to me.

—Ellen Cole, Plainfield, Vt.



Gives Good Bud

These must be some of the biggest colas ever grown. They are first-class sinsemilla, grown from a hybrid plant of *Cannabis indica* in Santa Cruz. These buds were cut off of larger buds—if you look closely you can see that the ends are cut. The largest bud in the picture weighed 24 grams, and the smoke was dynamite.

—Pat A., San Jose, Ca.

Subliminal or Sick?

Regarding "The Subliminal Sell" by Wilson Bryan Key [*HIGH TIMES*, March '80]: It would seem to me that a man with his type of vision must have taken more LSD than I have! Really, anyone who looks for the head of a cock in a margarine ad, or a cock and pair of balls in a cologne ad, is either the world's most frustrated closet case, a paranoid prude or simply a sick-minded person. The fact that Wilson shaves his head to resemble a large tit makes me think that he has sexual problems. I suppose anything is okay in the search for recognition these days.

—Peter Temple, Los Angeles, Ca.

Strong stuff, that subliminal Scotch. Now I see why I prefer Colombian to cocktails!

—Ann-Elise Rubin, Oakland, N.J.

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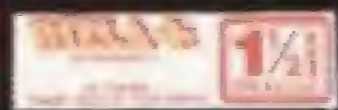
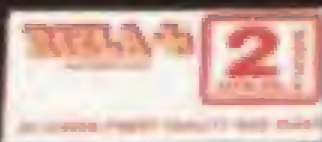
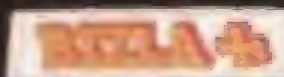
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Tai-Chi is one of the least well known, but in many ways the best, of the physical disciplines of the East to make it to America.

Now I know that it's severely frowned upon by followers of Eastern ways to say something is "better" or "the best" way. Many ways to the One, many Paths and all that. And no respectable Tai-Chi master, teacher or disciple would talk about it or make the sort of comparisons to herb highs that I would. But I never claimed to be respectable. And face it, if you have to choose one of the many ways, if you're looking for some physical way to raise your energy level, to get the kind of high you no longer get from herbs, sooner or later you'll have to choose one way and I'm here to save you time by telling you what Tai-Chi can do for you.

It's been three years since I learned the rudiments of the Tai-Chi "forms," as they're called. I've been doing them for a half hour or so daily and I'll probably continue to do them for the rest of my life. Slow-motion kung fu—that's probably the best way to describe what Tai-Chi looks like. But it's not primarily a martial art. It's a series of continuously shifting stances which the mass and energy of the body flow through with serene slow-motion grace. Certain Tai-Chi adaptations

have been used by masters for self-defense purposes. My Tai-Chi teacher, a short, wiry Chinese guy, was good enough at it to be hired as a bouncer in a bar. He didn't bounce people out, he kind of push-flowed trouble makers out the door—quite effectively I've been told. But for the ordinary student, don't look to Tai-Chi for protection from muggers. Look to it for the high.

Now let's get back to those invidious comparisons the East loathes and the West relishes. Tai-Chi is better than yoga because yoga is a series of static forms, the isometrics of energy exercises, while Tai-Chi is constant movement and flow. It offers the experience of moving muscular grace rather than the mere statuelike "correct postures" of yoga. I know yoga addicts will howl at this, but it's true. Tai-Chi will give the spinal column, joints and ligaments the same limberness and resilience as yoga but without all that cross-legged sitting around.

In addition yoga sessions tend to leave you so relaxed and blissed out that you're ready for a nap, while Tai-Chi relaxes and energizes—it's more of an upper than a downer among Eastern exercises.

Now let's compare it to some Western-type exercises. Unless you think the weird bulges on the body-building addicts look good, Tai-Chi offers you more than weight lifting. It builds the strength and resilience of the muscles *from the inside out* rather than just piling lumps of tissue on top. Tai-Chi in a way is like lifting

weights internally—it strengthens the body by lifting and shifting one's own weight. And it shifts more than weight; it moves harmonizing energy through your body in the way the stressful straining of weight lifting will not. This energy the Chinese call *chi*, and instead of "pumping iron," Tai-Chi has the effect of systematically pumping *chi* throughout the body.

Tai-Chi offers more than the specifically therapeutic "bioenergetic" type exercises that have become popular in various forms of the human-potential movement, although some of those are based on Tai-Chi principles of centering and activating growth energy. Tai-Chi acts more subtly on the whole body rather than attacking specific physical and emotional complexes with the often dramatic, tearful and painful results of bioenergetics and rolfing.

The one physical exercise Tai-Chi can't replace is running, although in many ways it's the perfect complement to running—offering the body something running can't. I learned this myself when I switched for a time from running to Tai-Chi. I had become accustomed to the "runner's high," the feeling of well being and deep, oxygenated relaxation that regular five-mile runs could give me, when a nagging ache in the Achilles tendon forced me to cut off my running one winter. Needing some way to deal with all the excess nervous energy that was cracking through me, causing me irritability and interfering with work, I decided to try Tai-Chi.

I took a month of classes at a place on the fringes of New York's SoHo called the



Tai-Chi by "R."

Ahn Tai-Chi Center. I practiced once or twice a day for a half hour or so. That was three years ago. I've hardly missed a day since.

The only problem with recommending Tai-Chi so highly—also a problem with writing about it—is that you can't learn it from a book, you can't really describe it in words—you have to see it in action. You have to learn it from a live teacher and not from stop-action still photographs of the exotically named "forms." Because it's the movement from one form to another, the *motion* rather than the postures, that is the essence of the exercise.

Tai-Chi seems to be spreading slowly and most major cities and university towns have teachers these days. But it's still not as ubiquitous as yoga. There are several different schools or styles of Tai-Chi, but the important thing is not the denomination of your Tai-Chi teacher but whether he's able to communicate the feeling of what you're looking for.

You need an inspiring teacher because the learning can seem strange and mechanical at first, and it takes a while before the grace emerges in your own movements. At first it's hard to remember all the steps and hand movements that you have to make for the transition from the "Golden Crane Stands on One Leg" to the "Fox Hunts in Thicket" posture or whatever. The connections seem arbitrary.

But if you practice it daily, slowly step by step, eventually the movements begin to lose their formal mechanistic quality.

They seem to have a flowing liquid muscular logic to them; each one grows out of the other. Each becomes inevitable, satisfying, graceful, just. Your mind becomes more absorbed by the movements and they seem to propel themselves as you fill and empty one form after another.

It's hard to explain the purpose of the slow-motion movement through the exotic forms but an oceanic metaphor helps.

If you imagine rows of ocean waves rolling toward a shore, think of the body as the *mass* rolling its liquid weight through the rising and falling wave forms of the Tai-Chi movements. Indeed there is something oceanic about the deeply satisfying rhythms of Tai-Chi movement. People who meditate and are used to achieving the experience by keeping the body still and rising up through the mind will be pleasantly surprised by the way Tai-Chi allows the body to become the ground of meditation, the *site* of transcendence rather than something to be escaped from. People familiar with Taoism will discover that Tai-Chi incarnates Taoist principles in the flesh, that it is a way to the consciousness described in the *Tao Te Ching* of Lao-tze. Yoga students will be amazed that the prana, or life energy, can be evoked and propelled throughout the body by the exercises.

People who aren't interested in the Eastern religious mystical side of it will find all sorts of Western physical benefits to Tai-Chi. It communicates a sense of

purposefulness, for instance, to the other areas of life, a sense of the way to gather energy, concentrate, direct and fulfill it in movement, whether it be planning a project, writing a story, making love or playing music.

Tai-Chi can take the jangling discordant mental electricity of nervous energy, anxiety and stress and channel it through the passageways of the body, transmuting it into harmonious and useful energy.

It can center you, get you back in touch with your body, gradually break up neurotic character armorings and all those things bioenergetic therapies focus on. It's better than Valium for tension and works more quickly.

It will subtly, gradually but permanently transform your internal musculature so that your breathing and posture will naturally fulfill their greatest potential for energy and power. Even the very act of walking becomes a newly pleasurable experience of rising from and sinking into the propulsive forces of your body.

No, it's not a panacea, but as people get more sophisticated about their physical highs, looking less to drugs and more to the potentials of the body as a source of transcendence, Tai-Chi has a lot of unique advantages. It's worth a try if you can find a good teacher, and some day you may be as grateful to me for turning you on to it as you were to the guy who first turned you on to Santa Marta gold.



Split

In New York City's financial district—which is about the only place in town anymore where a nickel bag is worth a nickel—street dealers are calling their top-rated primo grass "Bo Derek dope." The financiers and clerks who buy it are also calling their top-rated ten-bonds "Bo Derek bonds." And you can see her nipples right through her swimsuit, too.

Riff

Since the '70s were so horrible, Al Burg of San Francisco is setting up the "Jimi Hendrix Electric Church," to possibly get him back for the '80s. Donations will go toward a museum of Hendrix memorabilia, guitar lessons for deserving aspirants and Hendrix T-shirts. Whether they're deductible or not is another matter. Maybe if you truly believe it'll get him back...

Stiff

He's not talking to the press, but the hottest rumor afoot on the crash-diet scene is that **Dr. Herman Tarnower**—inventor of the world-famous "Scarsdale Diet"—has discovered the ultimate permanent weight-reducing scheme. It merely involves three capsules of a high-density, natural mineral—neither mind-altering nor addictive, sources say—administered just once, between the eyes. Fat freaks eagerly await his sequel to *The Scarsdale Diet*, tentatively titled *The Forest Lawn Diet*.



Keith

Keith Richards warmly embraces **James Brown** and **John Belushi**, backstage at Studio 54. **Keith's** latest Rolling Stones album, *Emotional Rescue*, is available on Rolling Stone records. **James** is a black blues singer.

James

James Brown warmly embraces **Keith Richards** and **John Belushi**, backstage at Studio 54, where **James** starred at one of the ill-fated disco's final midnight concerts. **James** is a black blues singer.

John

John Belushi warmly embraces **James Brown** and **Keith Richards**, backstage at Studio 54. **John's** second Blues Brothers album is due from Atlantic. **James** is a black blues singer.



Lynn Goldsmith

Society.

High signs.

John Wiser AE

August 1980

August promises surprises for the signs Taurus, Leo, Scorpio and Aquarius. But don't worry if you're not one of these signs. Somewhere in your life you'll be surprised. Maybe it will be in your Taurus relationships or Scorpio ambitions.

On **August 6** Venus enters Cancer for a month, emphasizing your private life and a need for peace and quiet. This can be a time of waiting for the good things to come to you—but don't waste your time waiting! This is an unpredictable Venus position. You'll have an unswerving fidelity to your own desires which others won't pick up on until they cross your path, and then it's too late! Your Aries, Taurus, Cancer, Libra and Capricorn relationships will be most affected.

On **August 8** Mercury enters Leo for two weeks. You'll seek recognition for your thoughts and will need lots of talking and explaining to get your point across. You can be very dramatic, and if you're a Taurus, Leo, Scorpio or Aquarius, you'll need to open up to other people's ideas.

On **August 10** there is a new moon and partial eclipse of the sun. With the Leo sun and moon the emphasis will be on self-expression. You'll be extremely sensitive and need recognition. This new moon is a time to step back, simplify and then go conquer the world! If you're a Taurus, Leo, Scorpio or Aquarius, it will be important to set aside time to have fun.

As the new moon waxes, you'll be ambitious and want power, or you may become the victim of someone else's power play. It's time for hard work, but don't kid yourself: You're working for you and no one else! If you're an Aries, Cancer, Libra or Capricorn, you'll have the opportunity to accomplish a great deal or wreak havoc!

Around **August 14** unexpected events will test your willingness to do things your way. Do you really believe in what you're doing? You may finally get that position you've been holding out for, or you'll realize things have to change. Perhaps you'll break with certain people, change your line of work or simply rearrange your schedule. If you're a Taurus, Leo, Scorpio or Aquarius, the second week in August is the time to find out what's bothering you and work on it!

On **August 22** the sun enters Virgo. Virgo, halfway through the zodiac, brings a time of questioning and honest self-evaluation. Virgo has a reputation for criticism

that can hide a lack of self-confidence. If you're a Gemini, Virgo, Sagittarius or Pisces, it is important to examine yourself and get your affairs in order. If you see problems, inspect the causes and eliminate them!

On **August 24** Mercury enters Virgo for two weeks and your thinking will be concerned primarily with practical everyday problems. You'll deal with details and get carried away with them. For the next two weeks, if you're a Gemini, Virgo, Sagittarius or Pisces, you won't be sure of your ideas and you'll need constant reassurance.

On **August 25** there is a full moon and partial eclipse of the moon. With the Virgo sun and Pisces moon, you'll be aware of the pull between your social life and your emotions. If you can get your intellect and feelings together you can support your hunches with facts. This full moon brings a need to overcome past prejudices by participating in a wide variety of experiences. Stubbornness will cause problems especially for Gemini, Virgo, Sagittarius and Pisces.

Mars enters Scorpio on **August 29** for six weeks, during which you'll consistently disregard the immediate situation and do exactly what you want! You'll be passionate and relentlessly determined, with a naive confidence in your own ideas. Mars functions well in Scorpio, but danger lurks! This combination has the greatest potential for good or evil and its direction depends entirely on you! If you're an Aries, Taurus, Leo, Scorpio or Aquarius, you'll have to choose.

On **August 31** Neptune appears to begin moving forward after going in the opposite direction of the sun since March. During this period your ideals and concepts slowly changed as new social responsibilities and obligations arose. Now you are challenged to a new social awareness. You must plunge into group activities without reservation yet maintain your poise and perspective. Be yourself in situations that may not appear very encouraging!

As August ends you'll see results on the new trends you set in motion last month. The new ideas and attitudes should now bear fruit. Problems can be traced to a lack of cooperation. If you're not happy with your present situation, change it!

Next month we'll talk about a planetary change that has worldwide implications.

LATEST
DOPE
PRICES

NEWS

Latest Foreign
and Domestic
CommuniquesNo. 60
August '80

★ FINAL ★

INVASION OF THE SPACE NARCS!

by Michael Chance

A new era was ushered into the age-old struggle between heads and feds recently when a long-term project by the United States to develop an electronic sensing device capable of spotting dope from aloft became fully operational. The system is already in use in Mexico and is under consideration for use elsewhere.

The five-year, \$7-million project, titled "Remote Sensing Poppy Detection System," was carried out by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration at the direction of the State Department. It was administered by the Bureau of International Narcotics Matters, the same people who brought the pot world parquat a few years ago. The project was begun under President Ford and continued under President Carter.

According to State Department spokesperson Susan Ginsberg, the development

continued on page 26

RON WOOD BUSTED



see page 24



Specters in the sky: What strange vehicles course the heavens, probing life on earth with electronic eyes?

PCP: Just Another Trank, Says L.A. Detox Chief

LOS ANGELES—Phencyclidine—PCP—actually appears to cause no more extreme long-term mental abnormalities in its users than any other commonly used street drug, reports the director of Pride House, a detox center here specializing in the treatment of adolescents. "The PCP hysteria which now exists," Dr. Gerald DeAngelis told a San Francisco conference on PCP, is largely due to "horror stories" in the media, both popular and scientific.

A widespread conviction exists that PCP gradually causes organic psychoses or progressive amnesia in long-term dustheads, but the experience of Pride House does

not bear this out. Over the past two years, they have counseled 188 people for PCP use; they comprise about 40 percent of all their drug consultees and, according to Dr. DeAngelis, "the PCP users and the non-PCP users do not appear to differ substantially or significantly."

"Clinically, we have been hard pressed to differentiate PCP versus non-PCP users in daily routines," he noted. "If PCP did affect behavior to the extent that the media contend, one would expect hostile and/or delusional behavior to be displayed by PCP users, especially chronic PCP users, in much greater proportion than non-PCP users, which

has not been the case. The frequency of diagnosed psychiatric illness also did not support the media's viewpoint. This is evidenced by the very low proportion of clients diagnosed as character-disordered or psychotic."

People who do street drugs often tend to classify dustheads in the same category as users of Tuinals, reids, liquor and other heavy tranks—self-pitying escapists, mainly, seeking pleasurable oblivion. Inexperienced users who overdose on PCP commonly experience paranoia and hallucinations as the anesthetic effect wears off, and this accounts for the bizarre PCP horror stories regaled in the

media. The media have often stated (on no perceptible grounds) that PCP freaks aren't even consciously aware of their behavior in such states—claims that may, some believe, encourage borderline psychotics to use the drug as an excuse to go berserk.

In most cases, emphasized Dr. DeAngelis, young PCP users share the same traits as adolescents who do other drugs: troubled, curious, beset by peer pressures and problems in the home or with society. Phencyclidine is a highly dangerous drug, he affirmed, but "we have not found it to be the 'killer drug' that the media have been claiming it is."

PCP FLASHBACKS ARE NO HAPPY RETURNS

DETROIT—One of the most troublesome physical properties of phencyclidine is its prolonged persistence within the body in a potentially psychoactive chemical state. Phencyclidine has a particular affinity for acidic-based body cells, which abound in the spinal fluid and brain. Though it leaves these cells as the initial period of intoxication wears off, the PCP resists elimination through the kidneys and can circulate through the stomach and blood for weeks. Thus a user can experience unexpected PCP flashbacks at frequent intervals after a high dose.

Dr. Alan Done, clinical toxicologist at Wayne State University here, warns, "In chronic, low-dose recovery phases, a psychosis can occur weeks or months after the last exposure to the drug." For patients in deep comas as a result of PCP ODs, Dr. Done administers ammonium chloride to acidify the patient's urine and thus hasten the elimination of the drug. He also employs cranberry juice—the street dusthead's common remedy—for the same purpose, once the patient is out of immediate danger.



Too many narcs spoil the smack: Feds examine Iranian heroin hidden in caviar containers confiscated at Chicago's O'Hare Airport. The smack was 80 percent pure with a street value of at least \$10 million.

Galveston Jury Frees "Smuggler"

A seven-man, five-woman jury acquitted 27-year-old Steven Kalish of smuggling charges involving 40,000 pounds of marijuana. Kalish was described by prosecutors as a leader in the operation that brought the shrimp boat *El Cobre* to the port of Galveston.

An undercover government scam operation at a surfside marina employed paid informants to stop the flow of marijuana smuggling around the Texas coast. The government's key prosecution witness, Tommy Troutwein, was described by jurors as "unbelievable" and referred to as "Troutmouth." The jury foreman, Billy Weems of Old Ocean, was outraged: "They weren't fair to us. They didn't give us any evidence to go on except this Tommy Troutwein and Troutwein wasn't nobody to believe." Another juror said, "I decided that guy was a pathological liar. I couldn't understand our government paying a man like that."

Prominent Texas attorney Dick DeGuerin's unrelenting cross-examination of informer Troutwein exposed him to be a pathological liar. DeGuerin points to the prosecution as less than honorable and

Troutwein as a shadowy figure. "I think one of the things the jury was saying is that we don't buy these government tactics," he said. "That, and the greasy unacceptability of Tommy Troutwein. They were not able to stomach him."

Troutwein had been paid \$10,000 by the DEA and been recommended for another \$25,000 by the Customs Service and may be rewarded even more by the DEA.

DeGuerin feels that the practice of rewarding witnesses encourages them to lie. The prosecution claims it is the only way to get the information.

Prosecutor George Jacobs explained in his final argument, "Tommy Troutwein is not a trained investigator. I wish we had more people like him. I wish we could give him a bigger reward. From the information these agents got from him, they were able to recover 40,000 pounds of marijuana valued at \$20 million on the street. When you consider the harm that would have done when it spread across the country, I think we grossly underpaid Tommy Troutwein."

Two hours later—including a dinner break—the verdict came in: not guilty.



Steven Kalish (left) and defense attorney Dick DeGuerin celebrating their stunning victory in the *El Cobre* trial.

Hemp Seeds Are for the Birds

by Ken Mate

WAUKESHA, WISCONSIN—Hundreds and perhaps thousands of tons of marijuana enter the United States legally every year. The pot is transported through official U.S. ports of entry where it is checked by Customs officials and then turned over to wholesalers. It comes in the form of sterilized seeds, to be mixed with other plant seeds to make birdfeed.

Recently a shipment of seeds, certified sterilized through dry roasting, began to sprout into tiny marijuana plants at the U.S. Customs lab in Chicago where it was taken for routine testing.

"This is the first time in my memory that this has ever happened," Donald Grimwood, assistant regional commissioner for Customs in Chicago, said. The seeds were part of a 20-ton shipment destined for Kaytee Products, Inc. of Chilton, Wisconsin. The pot originated in China and was transhipped by Kruse Hess Co. of West Germany.

Kenneth Weber, manager of Kaytee, said that his firm imports multiton shipments of hemp seeds "several times a year" as do other manufacturers of birdfeed. Marijuana seeds are prized by pigeon and parrot owners because the high oil content adds luster to the birds' feathers. Marijuana seed is a standard ingredient in most commercial birdfeeds.

Will it get you high?

"I know what my son told me," Weber replied with a chuckle. "It's no good."

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PRO-POT BRITIS PRESS FOR OPEN TOKIN'

by John May

LONDON—When the Legalise Cannabis Campaign (LCC) appeared on "Open Door," the only public access TV program on the BBC network, it had to apply to the Home Office to have a live marijuana plant in the studio. Obtained from police laboratories at Aldermaston, it was accompanied into the studio by two security guards.

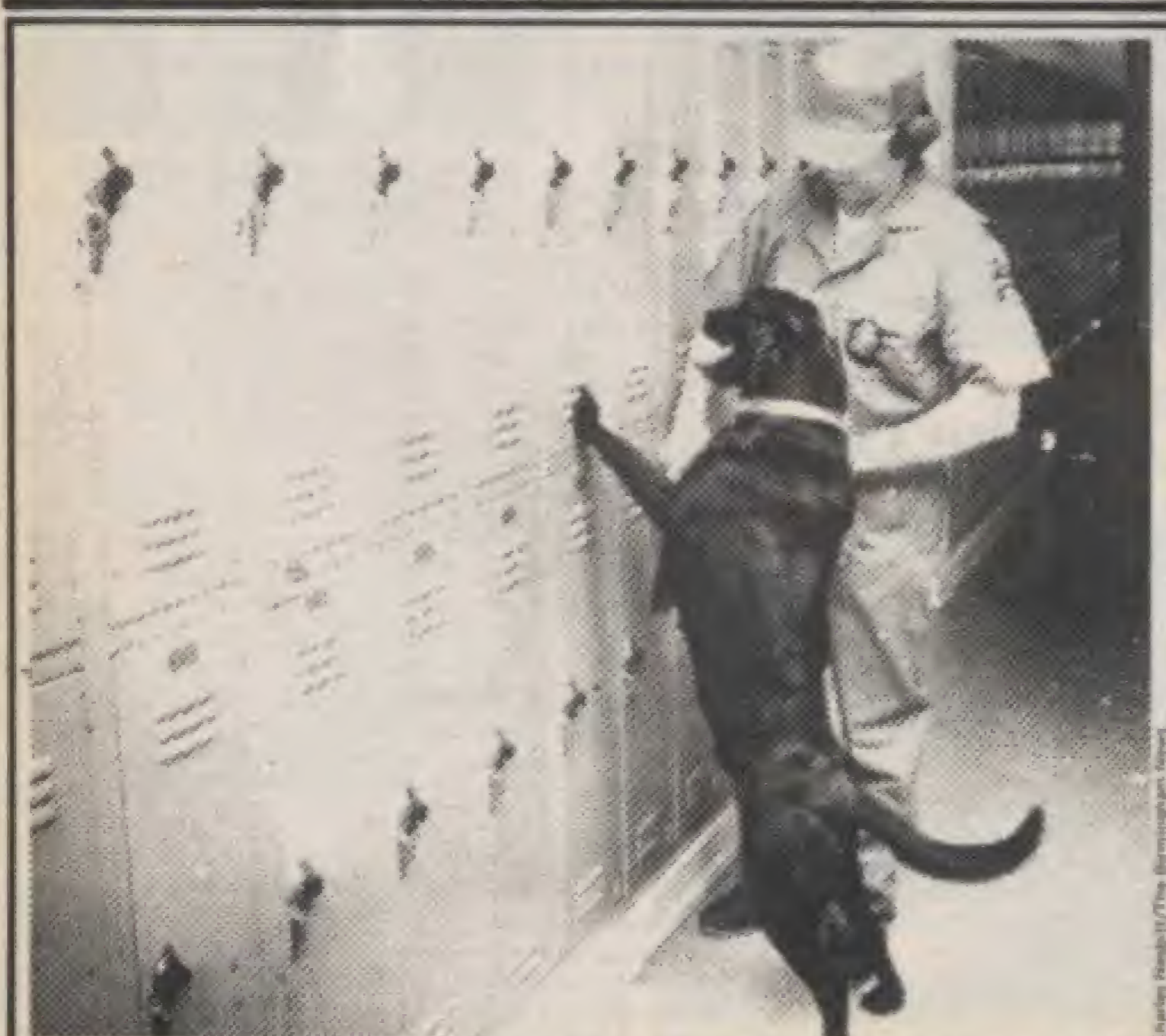
This image more than any other sums up the task facing the LCC in changing attitudes toward the weed. Some 10,000 people a year are convicted of cannabis offenses in the United Kingdom, the majority for simple possession.

The LCC's roots lie with the organization Release, which for more than ten years has been a valuable legal aid and advice center in London. Release worker Tim Malyon attended a "substance abuse" conference in Tucson, Arizona, met the Rev. Bill Deane, went on to a NORML conference in Washington and became impressed by the idea of an organized lobby for cannabis legalization.

On his return a working party was established. Release put in £100, and in April 1978 the LCC was formed. Its aims were simply and forcefully stated. Members believe cannabis smoking is a matter of personal choice and call for the government to: remove all penalties for possession and cultivation for personal use; remove police authorization to stop and



Libertarian limey: LCC organizer Tim Malyon cools out at the organization's luxurious headquarters.



Dog Day Afternoon: Woodrow, a pot-sniffing pooch, accompanies his pet narc on a locker-room survey of Locust Fork High School in Blount County, Alabama. No dope was found.

search for drugs without a warrant; abolish the outlawing of premises for cannabis smoking; redefine "supply" to exclude the nonprofit exchange of cannabis; reduce penalties for supply offenses to a maximum of two years imprisonment; and conduct a public inquiry into legal means of distribution and sale of cannabis.

Right from the start the LCC pushed for full legalization. In their view, decriminalization is illogical. As Tim Malyon puts it, "You can't make use of a legal substance while giving people no legal access to it."

This was in contrast to NORML's view, though NORML has recently amended their approach to include a call for full legalization. Some differences remain between the two organizations. NORML has a big sponsor, a boss and operates on a high-powered level. LCC, on the other hand, is a grass-roots collective, financially supported by its membership. A policymaking group of 30, elected by the 14 branches, meets every three months. An executive group of 12 handles the business side of the campaign and everyone gets together at the annual general meeting. The campaign is now established with an office in London's Ladbroke Grove and three full-time workers.

The main problem the LCC has faced is credibility. It has been helped in this by a growing list of well-known sponsors who include Richard Branson, head of Virgin

Records, musicians Commander Cody, Steve Hillage and Alexis Korner, disc jockey John Peel, poet Roger McGough and science-fiction writer Michael Moorcock, drug experts Michael Schofield and Brian Inglis plus organizations such as the Young Liberals, the National Association of Probation Officers and the National Union of Students. Recently, and perhaps most significant of all, Baroness Wooton, who chaired Britain's last major governmental inquiry into cannabis, became a sponsor.

At the LCC's inception, cannabis was not considered an issue by the national press. Now the group gets some 30 press inquiries a week, from national TV to local papers. Membership has reached the 4,000 mark and the future looks bright. The Clash and other new-wave bands are supportive and, since the Paul McCartney bust, marijuana looks set to become a national issue with the LCC leading the fight.

Narcs Foil "Mom and Pop" Coke Operation

Coke mules come in all guises, but perhaps the most unlikely were the elderly couple arrested at the Seattle-Tacoma Airport in Washington, charged with smuggling 8.8 pounds of blow into the country.

The man, 65, and his wife, 52, run a sawmill business and live in Monroe, Washington. A week before the bust an informant tipped the cops to cocaine trafficking in and around Gold Bar, a small town of 570 people near the elderly couple's sawmill. Federal and local narcs were still smarting from an influx to the area of several pounds of coke a year before. The feds did their homework and discovered the couple had left for a trip shortly before the last blowfall, a cruise that stopped at Cartagena, Colombia, a major coke-exporting center.

This time the two suspects were returning from Puerto Rico, and at a Los Angeles stopover narc dogs went ape over the three bags belonging to them. When the couple arrived in Seattle, the waiting narcs were taken aback at their flagrant disrespect for meeting the normal "drug-courier profile," but their bags were examined and the coke, with a street value in the millions, was found.

They were each released on \$50,000 bond. When leaving the courthouse, the elderly gent was asked by a reporter if he knew who had informed on him. "Bug off," the man replied, walking off wearing a Panama hat and flowered tropical shirt, with wife in tow.

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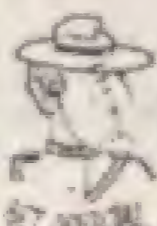
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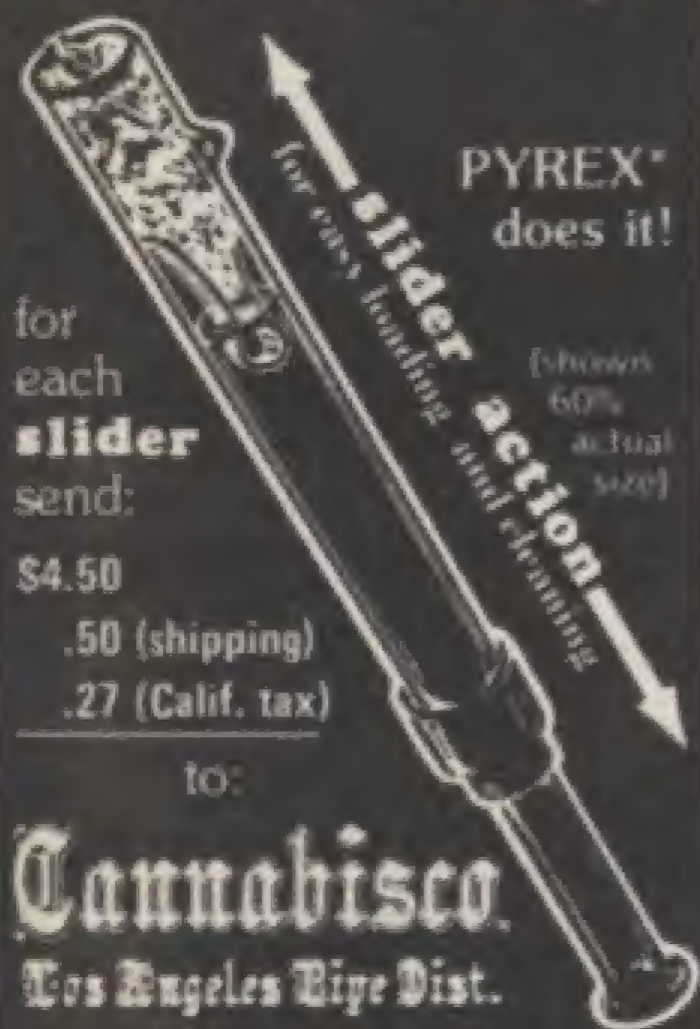
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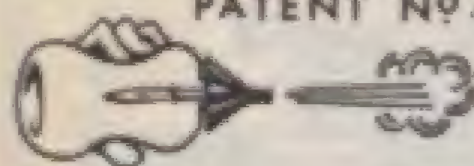
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With Love, From

by Peter Haley

Art Linkletter, the emcee who years ago on nationwide TV proved almost daily that "People Are Funny" and that "Kids Say the Darndest Things," has returned to the screen. This time though, he stars in a 60-second commercial pushing a book that "proves" marijuana isn't funny at all and, in fact, that it does the darndest things to kids, adults and numerous laboratory animals.

"This may be the most important gift you'll ever give your children," says the on-the-air, stern-faced Linkletter, a staunch drug opponent since his own daughter died during an LSD drug trip. The "gift" is *With Love, From Dad*, 220 pages of the "most shocking, frightening marijuana report ever put together."

It's a shocker all right. Citing experts ranging from doctors to singers Donny and Marie Osmond, the book collects 758 short, one-paragraph "digests" culled from sources that state, among other things:

- Moderate marijuana smoking causes as much chromosome damage as the radiation from an atomic blast
 - Cannabis melts down hard-ons because of its adverse effects on male hormones and sperm
 - Prolonged puffing of this carcinogenic, brain-draining substance causes smokers to lose everything from muscles to morality.
- For \$9.99, pitches Linkletter, you get all this and more in "the other side of the marijuana story."
- The "other side" seems to be a collection of grim fairy tales aimed at scaring both parents and users about the dangers of grass and hashish. The usual gang of suspects—amotivational attitudes, alienation, apathy and the fateful path to harder drugs and psychological dependency—are all rounded up. But the book, compiled by a parent "alarmed" that marijuana was harming his kids, breaks new ground in digging up myths related to reefer madness.

One of the most important chapters of the book concerns chromosome and cell



Maybe there's something you're missing, Link.

damage. Dr. Hardin Jones, whose warnings appear frequently throughout the book, testified before a 1974 Senate committee hearing that even moderate pot smokers suffer "roughly the same type and degree of damage as persons surviving atom bombing with a heavy load of radiation." This dubious assertion is backed up by other experts pulled out of the texts of such antidrug literature as *Listen* newsletter, *Reader's Digest's Keep Off the Grass* and *Marijuana: Teen-Age Killer* to state that pot smokers have an abnormal number of chromosomes, a significant increase in chromosome breaks, that they destroy their inherent DNA molecules by smoking, and so forth. Despite these various assertions, however, the most

Rolling Stones' Ron Wood Claims Cocaine Rap Was a Frame-Up

Ron Wood was wailing away, but not in his customary role as guitarist for the Rolling Stones. Wood bitterly denounced his cocaine bust in St. Maarten, the Netherlands Antilles, as a setup. "I never touched any dope," said Wood. "We came here to get away from all that scene."

The episode began five days earlier when an anonymous phone call tipped police to a 200-gram parcel of cocaine hidden in the countryside. A car from which the package had been jettisoned was traced to Wood's housekeeper, prompting a raid on Wood's Caribbean island home in Pointe Pirouette, St. Maarten. Wood and his girl friend, 25-year-old Jo Karlake, were found with small amounts of coke in their possession.

Two "friends" Wood had made on the island also reportedly fingered the couple, before their own arrest for coke possession. Wood thinks these two men set him up. He said he had "no idea why the two men should try to plant drugs on me. Maybe their kick was the image thing—getting me busted."

Wood and Karlake spent the next five days in jail before being deported. Local officials decided the couple had used the drug for their own personal use and that their prison sojourn was sufficient punishment.

Linkletter

recent Health, Education and Welfare Department report has again found, after a decade of funding and several million dollars, no conclusive evidence that THC or other grass agents cause chromosome or any other damage that would make them a public health hazard.

With Love, From Dad's sexual-dysfunction scare excludes relevant, related facts and even contradicts itself. The fact that smoking can lower the levels of sperm and the male sex hormone testosterone is stated and restated. But nowhere is it said that these levels do not endanger sexual functioning, and that, in any case, these levels bound upward a short period after marijuana use ends. This theory of decline in sexual performance and activity is directly contradicted a few pages later by other digests suggesting that marijuana makes its users more promiscuous and sexually active. But then, as one "fact" explains, "marijuana is a tricky drug" capable of releasing sexual inhibitions yet resulting in "sexual apathy." To avoid confusing its readers, the book assures them that "in the habitual user there is a combination of indifference to the opposite sex and extreme promiscuity."

Based on experiments with stoned dogs, rats and monkeys and their human counterparts, the book charges THC and other marijuana chemicals cause brain damage. The nature of these tests and their results are sketchy at best, but the book's points are clear. With heavy marijuana use there is "often atrophy of the body musculature," so it follows there is a "corresponding atrophy in the brain." This interesting but inaccurate analogy is mixed with such tidbits as pot-produced chemicals change the brain to yield "pathological" personality changes, and marijuana abuse results in "less powerful" thought formation abundant with "non sequiturs." One thing is certain: If you have a pet mouse, don't inject its brain with THC for lengthy periods of time. Researchers in a quoted 1971 study did and killed 12 out of 40 rats in three months.

Recycling the well-worn marijuana horrors (it causes psychosis, aggression and crime) helps spice up the turgid text, but these long-ago disproved "facts" do little to enhance its credibility. But they do sharpen the edge of *With Love, From Dad's* principal thesis, which pops up again and again: Because of its "hypnotic" and widely accepted effects, marijuana is our most dangerous drug. Most of the cited "dangers" are actually just clinical details of what happens when people get high. *With Love, From Dad* stresses how marijuana alters thought processes and so affects learning, concentration and memory. But people choose to use marijuana (and alcohol) precisely because it *does* alter their consciousness.

With Love, From Dad tries hard to pass itself off as news. But it's really just a new style of the same old straitjacket anti-grass advocates have been trying to put around us for years.



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INVASION OF THE SPACE NARCS!

continued from page 19

of the pot spotter was "an interagency decision of the U.S. government at the request of the Mexican government." Then, in an unusual move that one State Department source explained as "caused by legal complications," the license and patents to the multimillion-dollar project were turned over to the Mexican government.

The remote sensing system uses an electro-optical scanner that measures moisture, soil conditions, plant-life forms and a variety of other data that is then fed into a ground data-processing computer. The readout tells what is growing. The system is designed to be mounted on an aircraft platform or satellite and at an altitude of 40,000 feet can scan thousands of square kilometers in a day. At present, the most advanced aerial surveillance tools used by D-men are helicopters and binoculars capable of covering only a few square miles a day.

In addition to the \$7 million to develop the system itself, NASA utilizes technical and software assistance from its massive LANDSAT (land satellite) reconnaissance system. It is the space agency's largest single project. And there is more to come.

According to David Hoover, a patents counsel with the Goddard Space Flight Center in Greenbelt, Maryland, NASA recently completed a project led by Prof. Kurt Levis of Ohio State University to



Always THEY are watching: Scanners survey farms and fields from robot crafts.

develop a high-resolution radiometer. This device reads the radiant energy emitted by plants and translates it into plant types. The high-resolution radiometer is a considerable advancement over the electro-optical system and will be used by NASA's LANDSAT program.

At present the system is being used in the Sinaloa region of Mexico, an area long notorious for cultivation of poppies and pot, smuggling, shoot-outs, kidnappings and murders. This area has borne the brunt of a Mexican dope war between the traffickers and the army that has raged around the city of Culiacán. After the aerial team spots a crop, the army heads into the mountains to destroy it.

So far the system has only been used on poppy fields. According to a State Department employee long familiar with the program who agreed to talk to HIGH TIMES only if his name not be used, the machine has not yet been calibrated for marijuana but soon will be "on an experimental basis."

This source said that the goals of the project are twofold: to get rid of the dope fields and then implement and oversee a 1984-ish land management project. According to an internal State Department description of the project, it will seek to provide "alternative sources of income" to replace income lost by dope-growing peasants. The plan is then to determine through use of the system what areas are best suited to raising which crops, then planting massive areas—hundreds and thousands of square miles in each area—

with one crop. This Green Giant program would then be monitored from aloft.

When queried as to whether the Mexican government anticipated any complaints of illegal surveillance, the source explained that most of the area in the Sinaloa region belongs to the government anyway. In the United States, several cases involving growers who were busted after being spotted with binoculars were thrown out when the courts ruled that it constituted illegal surveillance.

While the official State Department position is that the program is limited strictly to Mexico, the unnamed source said that several branches of the U.S. government will be watching the results closely. Among areas of interest is the system's ability to spot well-hidden dope patches in mountainous regions. If successful, this could be employed in California and Hawaii. Though the State Department source denied that any consideration has been given to use by the United States itself, he did not rule out the possibility that other dope-growing countries might make use of the system.

The spy in the sky system was the brainchild of the little-known Bureau of International Narcotics Matters. An extremely powerful but low-profile bureaucracy, the BINM is the country's major international narc team. (The DEA handles domestic matters.) The BINM budget is buried in the multibillion-dollar Foreign Assistance Act, the financial backbone of U.S. foreign policy, and was not available at press time.

PRIMO FLOTSAM



Amazing the stuff you stumble over on Gulf Coast beaches these days! An unidentified fisherman inspects a ruptured bale of Colombo on a barren beach in the Chandeleur Island chain of Louisiana. It was theorized that foul weather or approaching narcs motivated the jettisoning of the valuable cargo. The photographer claimed to have no information on the quality of the salt-soaked weed.

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INTERNATIONAL

by Bud Bogart

Inflation has finally hit the international dope market and sent prices soaring. All of Europe and much of Asia have been affected. Increased demand, tougher law enforcement and the devaluation of the dollar has made dope prices for American tourists particularly high, with local markets often influenced by imperialist dealers. Note in this month's THMQ, for instance, the rise in prices in West Germany, England and Japan. These prices do not reflect short-term seasonal trends but major price changes that are coming down from the top.

In some places this has led to a heretofore unknown self-reliance. In the remote

backlands of Wales, sinsemilla has been grown from Colombian, Nigerian and Mexican seeds for the last couple of summers and this year's crop was truly outstanding. Even some homemade hash from Hereford popped up on the market. Imported hash now costs \$150-\$200 an ounce, outrageously overpriced by Great Britain's standards where only two years ago the same hash was priced at \$35-\$75.

Mushroom hunting and home cultivation have become popular throughout Europe and are gradually replacing chemical psychoactives which now run \$10 a hit. And, says our Welsh correspondent, the centuries-old brewing tradition in that region has turned its talents to the "psillies"

Trans-High Market Quotations

AUSTRALIA		
Domestic grass	kangaroo boo	oz 30-40 lb 350-550
Colombian pot	mostly 'marsh	oz 75-225 lb 800-1200
Thai sticks	super but sparse	one 15-20 100 1000-1200
Pseudo sticks	useless	one 8-13 oz 100-120
New Zealand homegrown	budding market	oz 75 lb 600-750
Domestic homegrown	rotten	oz 50-100 lb 300-500
Putty hash	adulterated Lebanese	oz 210-250 lb 2800-3000
Nepalese fingers	slabs too, top-notch	oz 250-400 lb 3000-4500
Indian hash oil	at times primo	gm 20-45 oz 420-620
Pakistani hash	knocks your socks off	oz 350-400 lb 3500-4000
Mushrooms	ubiquitous	oz 50-75
LSD	seek and ye shall find	one 4-8 100 300-500
Mandrax	rare but there	one 2-3.50 100 100-200
Cocaine	almost nonexistent of late	gm 140-175 oz 3000-3200
CANADA		
Commercial Colombian	sky high	oz 65-100 lb 600-800
Gold and red Colombian	zich	oz 85-120 lb 750-1000
Hawaiian buds	sioka	oz 250-350 lb 2500-3500
Jamaican pot	in the cities, but rare	oz 75-125 lb 800-1200
Mexican tops	'Yo-Yo market	oz 60-100 lb 600-800
California sinsemilla	top dog on the streets	oz 175-275 lb 1750-3000
Homegrown pot	decent, considering	oz 25-35 lb 100-250
Hash	lots of Leb	oz 100-150 lb 1200-2000
LSD	choice of varieties, all good	one 4-10 100 200-450
MDA	mostly PCP	one 3-5
Cocaine	disco toot	gm 85-150 oz 1850-2500
COLOMBIA		
Santa Marta golds, reds	"chopped" buds	oz 7-15 lb 60-100
Commercial domestic	too much	oz 2-5 lb 50-80
Colombian hash	still trying	oz 10-30 lb 100-250
Hash oil	a loser, surprisingly	oz 150-200 lb 1500-2000
Mushrooms	neglected of late	oz 40-75
Cocaine	lots of lines	oz 175-225 lb 2500-3000
DENMARK		
Imported weed	pretty shabby	oz 75-200 kilo 1250-3750
Homegrown pot	not bad	oz free to \$10
Moroccan hash	passable	oz 85-135 kilo 1250-3000
Lebanese hash	conventioneer's choice	oz 85-150 kilo 1700-2700
Black Afghan hash	top banana	oz 175-200
Pakistani hash	ditto	oz 175-200
Cocaine	brisk market	gm 100-150 oz 2500 kilo 50,000
ENGLAND		
African grass	some ho-hum sticks	oz 130-180 lb 1250-1300
Colombian grass	seedy and leafy	oz 120-150 lb 1000
Kashmir twist sticks	small but good	one 10
Thai sticks	great, rare	one 25
Homegrown	shaping up as record year	oz 100-350 lb 100-130
Jamaican pot	seedy, super	oz 100-130 lb 1000-1300
Black Kashmir hash	knockout, scarce	oz 180-225
Moroccan hash	nothing to write home about	oz 100-120 lb 1000-1200
LSD	back in business lately	one 7-10 100 500-700
Cocaine	scarce but there	gm 135-180 oz 270
Opium	around of late	oz 180-300 lb 1800-2100
Mandrax	limey 'ludes	one 3-6
JAPAN		
Colombian pot	Marine's bag	oz 120 lb 1200-1600
Philippine pot	sleepy	oz 50-80 lb 500-600
Homegrown	around, not bad	oz 90-120 lb 900-1200
Thai sticks	tourist special	one 40-75 oz 400-750
Buddha sticks	rarity, superb	one 40-60
Hokkaido sticks	handsome but dumb	one 75-100
Philippine hash	prices up	gr 25-40 oz 300-375
LSD	surprising variety	one 4-12
Mushrooms	greenhouse	oz 50
Methaqualone	just being discovered	one 10
Opium	excellent	gr 25
Cocaine	rising market	gr 80-150
Speed	advanced Japanese model	one 1-3
MEXICO		
Oaxacan tops	bigger than your head	oz 5-10 lb 50-90
Mexican sinsemilla	much pollinated	oz 5-10 lb 50-80
Acapulco gold	soon to season	oz 10-20 lb 50-100
Guerrero gold	muchos pesos when around	oz 7-12 lb 65-125
Emerald hash	seldom seen	oz 35-75 lb 400-500
Cocaine	sucker's buy	gm 30-50 oz 400-700
Opium	searching for a market	oz 50-100 lb 400-600
NEW ZEALAND		
Buddha sticks	chewed-looking but great	one 12-15
Homegrown "heads"	ace pot	oz 60-85

DOPE PRICES SURGE

(*Psilocybe semilanceata*) that abound to produce a transcendental beer. Dylan Thomas should have lived to see the day. **Yes Virginia, There Is a Santa Marta:** The Colombian spring harvest, as predicted, has been one of the best in years. Pounds of top-notch gold were selling in March for the incredible price of \$550 a pound on the streets of New York, around \$600 a pound inland. One Big Apple dealer added a little spice to his business by pegging his pound prices to the price of an ounce of real gold on the Swiss exchange. Unfortunately the price of gold tumbled and he had to abandon the lark.

One of the main reasons for such cheap prices—barely \$50 up over 1977—is a tac-

tical change by the smuggling industry. As this column pointed out some time back, the smuggler's moon has set over Miami and now the big boats are coming right into Long Island and Brooklyn, many of them into mob-controlled waterfronts. Just recently another 15 tons got popped off Long Island. This activity has not only put New York in a competitive position for the primary Colombian marketplace as opposed to Miami, it has also had the beneficial consumer effect of cutting off a spectrum of first-level retailers. **Sinsemilla Street:** Mid March saw the northern California sinse farmers blink their way out of hibernation to start planting their seedlings. The rule of

thumb is to wait until temps are above 50 degrees at night. The so-called coastal plantations that planted their crops earlier have discovered thick stalk growth with slow vertical growth until April or May. This year there was a brisk seedling market.

Farts in the Wind: Does anybody listen to what we say? After forecasting some time back that a sinsemilla/Colombian dope price war was on the horizon, we now get word from the backwoods of Oregon that the price spread on a Z has narrowed to a dime: \$90 for ace Colombo and \$100 for super sinse. Another omen. And in response to the numerous requests for an article on dope pricing, the history and how-dids of the \$40-billion-a-year marijuana market and more, keep tuned. A sneak preview though—most professional price setters use Ouija boards.

Lousy with 'Ludes: There's so much bathtub and boot methaqualone around lately, and the home chemists have finally made it so good, that hardly anybody misses the pharmaceutical thing. Like pot, home cultivation seems to be the up and coming thing. Fortunately for us working slobs, the price has dropped a few bucks and good boots are available for \$3 to \$6, down from the \$9 reached on the spot market last holiday season.

Smuggler's Advisory: If you're one of the barnstormers still making flights into southern Florida, keep an eye out for the feds' latest version of the civil air patrol. Sheriff Frank Cline of De Soto County, remembering the air-raid wardens and spotters of World War II, has hired spotters and "staked them out in secret locations to watch for pot-laden airplanes and other signs of drug-smuggling activities," according to the Florida Sheriffs' Association. The pot spotters are paid \$3.19 an hour from federal CETA funds and are on duty 40 hours a week. Each is supplied with binoculars, a walkie-talkie and bug repellent. There are at least 15 men on duty.

Mexican border beaters should take a look at the latest "Mexican Flight Manual" put out by the Texas Aeronautics Commission. It explains how, by forgetting to write "advise" or "advise customs" on a flight plan, you can confuse U.S. authorities into thinking that customs arrangements have been made for your return. A tip of the headset and goggles to Eric Navarrete, ace pilot of the marijuana air force who was shot down in October of 1977 (see "Pot Plane Shot Down in Dogfight," HIGH TIMES, March '78). He's still sweating it out in Tehachapi, California.

High Times welcomes anonymous reports, but please be specific about the area, type, quantity and quality of dope referred to. If you are aware of other prices or have other relevant information or suggestions, please send them in. The THMQ is intended solely for comparative purposes and in no way is meant as an inducement to illegal activity, or as an endorsement of dope usage or trafficking, or as an endorsement of any particular dope.

Hash oil	good stuff	cap	15-20
Psychedelic cactus	local varieties	oz	80
LSD	less than impressive	one	4-8
PERU			
Brown buds	powerful pot	oz	4-5
Gold buds	muy bueno	oz	40-80
Luchuga grass	"lettuce" pot from the coast	lb	10
Coca leaves	more fun than gum	lb	70-80
Coca paste	for pros only	gm	35
Cocaine	top-notch foot	kilo	1.50-2
		kilo	1100-1300
		kilo	8-20
		kilo	7000-8500
USA			
Commercial Mexican	Southern standard	oz	10-50
Top-grade Mexican	renaissance	lb	100-500
Mexican sinsemilla	dormant	oz	50-75
Quality Jamaican	East Coast	lb	475-650
Jamaican sinsemilla	mostly slim pickins	oz	80-75
Commercial Colombian	still available	lb	500-600
Connaisseur Colombian	petering out	oz	40-60
Colombian shake	look for it in the fall	lb	475-550
Colombian seeds	take your chances	oz	75-125
Pseudo Thai sticks	rolling in heavily	oz	800-1250
Loose Thai	good buy if legit	oz	15-35
Hawaiian	top dollar	oz	150-175
Moroccan hash	huge, mediocre slabs	oz	120-180
Lebanese hash	shitloads	oz	1350-2000
Black Afghan hash	costly but boss	oz	200-320
Nepalese hash	seems to have ebbed	oz	2000-3200
Paki hash	suitcase stashes	oz	90-125
Hash oils	good but slow movers	oz	1100-1750
Psilocybin mushrooms	healthy cottage industry	oz	100-150
Peyote	grow your own	oz	1400-1750
LSD	many "brand names"	one	150-200
Cocaine	off	gm	1800-2200
Methaqualone	boots and bathtubs	oz	140-180
MDA	best to analyze	gm	1600-2000
Crystal meth	upsurge	oz	150
PCP	devil dope	gm	1350-1800
Opium	Iranian war surplus	gm	30-80

Alaska			
Commercial Colombian	grabbed up fast	oz	65-90
Connaisseur Colombian	scarce as seal leathers	lb	525-650
Domestic weed	good AM smoke	oz	90-125
Hawaiian	soon to come	oz	650-900
Mainland sinsemilla	considered low grade here, tops there	oz	25-40
Lebanese hash	standard issue	lb	100-200
Methaqualone White cross	sometimes mainland boots	gm	275-375
		oz	3000-3800
		one	250-350
		one	2000-3500
		one	15-20
		one	130-200
		one	8-15
		one	.50
		one	20-35
California			
Humboldt County	popcorn buds	oz	180
Mendocino County	ping, off season	lb	2200
Orange County	border grass	oz	175
Shake and lower leaf	moderate supply	oz	2000-2200
79-80 indoor crop	gaining popularity	oz	10-20
Salvia seedlings	6-8 weeks old	oz	100-200
Indicus seedlings	big as Jack's beanstalk	oz	20-35
Thai seeds	large and pearly	oz	180-300
		one	50-80
		one	150-250
		one	30-50
		one	75-100
		one	25
Hawaii			
Puna buds	stone as hell	oz	175-250
Kona gold	forever amber	oz	1800-2500
Mauna Loa	wet with resin	oz	150-225
Maul wove	some say world's best	oz	1500-2500
Oahu shake	pounds like pillows	oz	175-275
Leaf sticks	fluffy clean	oz	2000-3000
Mountain seeds	lik, Ping-Pong balls	oz	50-100
LSD	dots and blots	oz	500-600
Mushrooms	for cheap	one	7-15
Cocaine	not a big mover	four	25
Amphetamines	bzzz!	one	2-4
		one	free
		one	75-125
		one	1800-2500
		one	2
WEST GERMANY			
Thai weed	great	stick	30
Aalen and Colombian pot	extremely rare	1000	10,000
Moroccan hash	green slabs	oz	200
Lebanese hash	harsh and potent	lb	1750-2500
Turkish hash	available of late	gm	5-8
Afghani hash	popular best-seller	kilo	2800
Manali hash (India)	knocks off your socks	gm	7-12
Nepalese hash	scarce	kilo	2800-3200
LSD	mikes, tiles and "Green Monster"	gm	10
Cocaine	cheap prices	kilo	3000-4000



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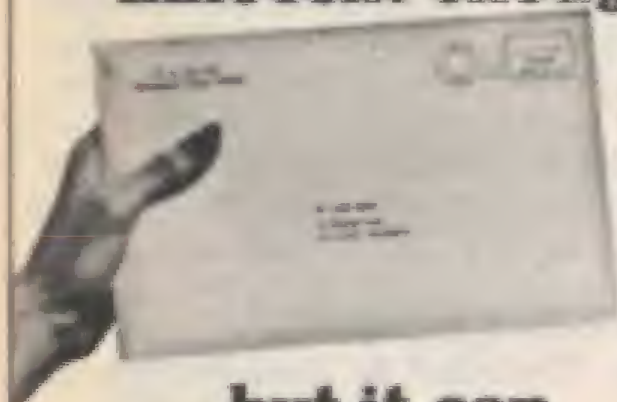
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NEWS

A Guide to Grass-Roots Groups for Legalization

People are organizing as never before on both sides of the marijuana issue. For every group of parents mimeographing the old reefer-madness arguments and displaying a genuine concern for the physical and mental health of their children, groups of more independent-minded folks are forming to counteract the hysteria and fight to preserve their democratic right to alter their own consciousness without hurting anyone.

Florida, dope-smoking America's favorite port of entry and perennial hotbed of smuggling activity, is also becoming a prolific spawning ground for legalization groups. The People of Florida for Rational Marijuana Laws (P.O. Box 2476, Tallahassee, Fla. 32304) cosponsor the annual John Ganja Memorial Benefit Concert in Gainesville and other events to help build state consciousness for the legalization effort. Last year lobbyists for "The People" (codirector Marshall Reissman says, "The world is already flooded by cute acronyms") helped raise the misdemeanor



Newt Simmons is the national chairperson of the American Cannabis Society (Box 54775, Big Bayou, Fla. 33739), and he and other stalwart members have been sitting in on state house and senate hearings to block passage of a proposed anti-paraphernalia bill based on the Drug Enforcement Administration's infamous model legislation. The organization's slogan is "Thank You for Pot Smoking," a takeoff on the American Cancer Society's anticigarette motto. ACS was formed by 57-year-old Bob Kundert, a Wisconsin resident (P.O. Box 9208, Madison, Wisc. 53715) who has traveled all over the country spreading his message for legalization. Kundert had been working as a restoration contractor, when in 1970 his son came home from Vietnam in a body cast as the result of a bomb explosion. "He asked me to get high with him one day," Kundert says, "and I thought I'd try it once." He admits to having smoked 40 to 70 joints a week since, sharing them with his five children.

REEFER REFORM

level for possession of marijuana from 5 to 20 grams and helped defeat a harsh antiparaphernalia bill in the state legislature. "Florida is a key state in the overall struggle to end Prohibition," says Reissman. "With a little help from our friends, the will of The People shall prevail."

David Reid, the state director of Grassroots (Box 1, Bradenton Beach, Fla. 33510), is promoting a proposition to legalize and tax marijuana. "Grassroots is not a question of right or wrong," says Reid, "but of common sense. The marijuana problem is real. In Florida alone it has become an uncontrollable \$6.5-billion business. If we can't stop it—tax it." Reid sees it as a way to lower prohibitive property taxes for inflation-beleaguered Floridians, and people are listening.

Kentucky Cracks Down on Growers

Kentucky took a great leap backward recently when its House Judiciary Committee approved a bill that would stiffen the penalty for growing and harvesting marijuana for sale. Under the old law, growing pot was a misdemeanor punishable by no more than a \$300 fine and one year in jail.

Now, a conviction involving fewer than ten plants remains a misdemeanor, but for more than ten plants it becomes a felony with punishment of up to five years in prison. Local legislators see the move as an effective strategy to stem the burgeoning bluegrass homegrown trade.

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Who was that sinister, torpedolike figure seen herding **Richard "Cheech" Marin** and **Tommy Chong** into a glossy, opium-black limousine on fashionable Sepulveda Boulevard? Stunned onlookers, witnessing the evident abduction, set all Tinsel Town abuzz with rumors. Was it a Mexico City publishing firm's hit man, contracted to bump off the hypercreative twosome for appropriating the traditional Latin American photonovella format for their new *love* book, *Cheech and Chong's Next Movie*, based on their new Universal movie of the same name? Was it possibly the person to whom the title of their new Warner Brothers comedy album, *Let's Make a New Dope Deal*, was originally addressed, before the dope in question got hijacked between Oaxaca and Marin County? Or was it one of the Killers, who performed the Mark Davis music for the *Next Movie* soundtrack album, reverting to type? Traffic stopped all



along the street of dreams as the ominous limo sped away, carrying the fabled zonk-comedy duo off to who knew where? The river? The ocean? Forest Lawn? Philadelphia?

*At last it can be revealed: none of the above! Actually it was former **High Times** editor **Ed Dwyer** (currently starring high on the masthead at glamorous *Oui* magazine), just taking his old pals Cheech and Chong out for a few joints and a raft of tacos. They bullshitted about old times, like in '71 when Tommy was running a topless burlesque joint in Vancouver, and Cheech came in one day by way of evading the U.S. draft and chasing some pussy, and it's been uphill ever since. Sometime in the middle of it all, Dwyer remembered to switch on the tape recorder, and when we played it back, this is what it said to us. You go figure it out.*



High Times: *Cheech and Chong's Next Movie* hits the theaters this month. Your second movie already. The burning question now on the lips of millions of Cheech and Chong fans...the thousands who got high and went to your live shows, who got high and listened to your albums...the millions who get high now and go to your movies.... What we all want to know now is—what the *hell* are you doing in Hollywood? Did you financially sell out on us, you sly fuckers?

Chong: Absolutely. Total corruption.

Cheech: Next question? We're in a rush, we gotta go audition 600 blond bathing beauties from central casting for the big Sodom and Gomorrah scene in our next flick.

High Times: Your next flick's a Biblical epic?

Chong: Fuck knows, man. So far we just know it'll have plenty of drugs, loud rock music and beautiful women.

Cheech: And a message. Real deep, heavy social-comment message. It'll be in there somewhere.

High Times: But you can't give us a hint what it's about?

Chong: No, see, we won't know ourselves until we're done with it. Like the last flick, *Up In Smoke*, the one we did with Paramount, we wound up improvising most of it right on the set. We had to.

High Times: You guys don't go in with a script when you do a movie?

Cheech: Do you go in with a script when you get laid? I mean, suppose the script you go in with calls for lots of cocaine and a rubber duck and a Ping-Pong paddle, and then when you get down with the lady you both just feel like a six-pack and a shower stall? Same thing with movies exactly.

Chong: Yeah, we made that mistake with our first movie; we went in with a whole script. And the studio biggies said change this, fuck that, do some other damn thing. So we rewrote the script and made it *better*, and they loved it.

Cheech: Then when we went in to make the movie we just said fuck it, burn the script. And we just shot what we felt like doing, and now we're big Hollywood stars.

High Times: So, are you trying to tell us that you hang out now with other big stars like Joanne Woodward and Paul Newman?

Cheech: Not if they can avoid us.

Chong: Being a star, it's funny. We go to parties and stuff and there'll be people there like Ringo Starr, Avery Schreiber and us. Everybody kind of waves and raps a little—but nobody goes out of their way, you know, to really meet each other, get it on big. Everybody's at the same level, everyone's respecting other people's privacy and guarding their own. It's kinda nice, no horseshit at all in it.

Cheech: The fact is, maybe you don't *want* to really get to know a lot of these people. They're your *stars*, you've seen them do great stuff, you expect them to be like that in person. And



then you meet some guy you've always thought was great shit, because you admire his work—and he turns out to be a whole bundle of insecurities, and he's nervous as hell. Or maybe it's somebody like Jane Fonda or Bo Derek, and when you get up close she's got halitosis. Jeez, do you want *that* to happen to your fantasies?

High Times: So you're not star struck, huh?

Chong: I'm in love with the *town*. I've been in love with Hollywood since I was a little kid, you know, growing up in Canada and watching every movie that came to town. And now I'm here, and it's a *real place*. There really is a Pine Street, Grauman's Chinese Theater, Musso Frank's. Every time we go to the Brown Derby it's like being a part of most other people's fantasy and nostalgia trips.

Cheech: The Brown Derby, yeah. This is where those old actors used to get drunk and throw up all over the tables, and here *we* are. It's our element, man. Hollywood: party city.

Chong: More than a town it's like a big collection of restaurants, hangout spots. You just drive from restaurant to restaurant and hang out, party till you're sick. And they're always changing. The cook in your favorite joint quits and starts his own place, so you shift over and hang out there for a while. Then *his* cook quits, starts *his* place, and there you go. That's heaven.

High Times: Must be fun having piles of money, you sly fuckers.

Chong: Don't knock it till you've tried it, man. I enjoy what I'm doing now, I mean, I really look forward to it. This morning I was on the freeway in my Corniche with the top down, going to the studio to meet with the vice-president. I was supposed to meet him yesterday, but I put it off till today when I don't have anything better to do. And I felt pretty fucking good about the whole thing, you dig?

High Times: It's true then, you sly fuckers. Success *has* spoiled Cheech and Chong.

Cheech: Hey, it's good for you, keeps you on your toes. It's a lot like dope dealing. I was reading in *HIGH TIMES* about this big grass dealer, he had just suitcases full of dollar bills and didn't know what to do with them. Because how do you spend like a hundred grand without being conspicuous about it? In show biz it's even more awkward. When you make it, you got *millions* and everybody in the *world* knows about it. And if you don't keep on top of it, there are a lot of crafty mothers out there who can take it off you so quick it'll make your head spin.

High Times: What are you guys worth all together? Bottom line figure.

Cheech: Well, let's work it out. What's a movie budget, five million? Takes two months to shoot and then maybe four months to wrangle it all out—six months, tops. Five million for six months, that's, um, two and a half into...

Chong: A little less than a million a month. Thirty days into that is around \$300,000 a day, eight hours a day is 16 into \$300,000... Hell, we pull down something like \$20,000 an hour. Divide that by 60, it's—hey, wait a minute—that's only \$3,000.

Cheech: Three lousy grand a minute? Shit, that's *50 fucking dollars* a second! Stone ripoff, man. What can you do with a lousy 50 dollars these days? We're getting burned, Tommy.

High Times: I take it you're not nostalgic for the days when you were broke and struggling.

Chong: Listen, I can have the old days back any time I want them. I was born poor, grew up poor, and you can get off on that, too. Like, I was living in Seattle once with a girl who was on welfare. She had like four, five kids. And just nearly every single night we'd get stoned and go and party the hell out of the whole neighborhood. Every night was party night because there was nobody who had to get up to go to work in the morning. The children were being fed, and everybody was just having a great time.

Cheech: A lot of rich people really get fucked up behind it, too. I mean, I've been to parties full of rich people who were so fucking closed up and scared of being *real*—because they think they're gonna get ripped off for bread if they open up and give themselves away—that, fuck, you really wanted to dose the punch with Ex-Lax, so maybe it'd get them to walking around and talking to each other.

High Times: You're pushing Ex-Lax now, Cheech?

Cheech: No, but Tommy smuggles marijuana. He moves it into Mexico.

High Times: You move grass *into* Mexico?

Chong: It was just those Hawaiian buds you gave us to get this interview. I rolled 'em in a sock and took 'em down and did just a little every day we were in Puerto Vallarta. Hawaiian dope, Mexican sunsets—it was a real Technicolor, Cinemascope week,



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great week. And then on the way back this Customs guy recognizes us, Cheech and Chong, the dope celebrities, and he gets all wise-ass and smirking. "I really *should* go through your stuff, y'know?" And I tell him, "It's cool, we're clean in this direction. We've got a new scam, we smuggle it *in*." And he cracked up. He thought it was a fucking *joke*.

Cheech: There was a heavy nosh factor in those buds, man. I ate like a fucking pig. But that's the great thing about Mexico, you can eat all you want because sooner or later you're going to get that special disease. Then you go on the Mexican diet. It's like a law of nature, a territorial imperative: Whatever you eat in Mexico, gringo, you are going to leave there. Guacamole, mangoes, chili, tacos, chuchufritos—eat yourself silly and don't worry, because the Mexican diet will definitely take care of it. Beats hell out of the Scarsdale diet.

Chong: And on those Hawaiian buds, even *that* part was okay. I mean it wasn't no fucking picnic, but it was nicer than usual. Those Hawaiian growers know their shit, they really do.

High Times: Would you say this Hawaiian's the best of the new domestic stuff? How do you think it compares with like Humboldt County second-generation, Thai sinse or Haze Brothers Purple Haze?

Cheech: That's *your* show biz, man, not ours. We don't discriminate about dope. If it gets you off it's good, and it *always* gets *us* off.

Chong: The best dope in the whole world is what you've got on you, any time you've got some. If there's just a few skinny little joints of green backyard homegrown around, and you haven't had any dope in a week, and you can't afford to eat and you can't pay the rent, then that homegrown is the best fucking dope in the whole world. You get up on it, and you score a Twinkie, and that's the best fucking *Twinkie* in the world.

Cheech: Oh, then there's that little green bush you grow yourself, and you tease it and trim it, spoil the hell out of it and coax it up to two feet, then three feet, five feet—and then it's just starting to bud out a little, just *beginning* to get all sexy, and *blam!* there's a fucking early frost and it dies and you lose a whole growing cycle and have to start all over again. But finally you get a good big green healthy bush with buds all over, enough for you to smoke all year and still have plenty to give your friends. Now, that there is *awful* good dope.

Chong: No, no, wait. There's even better dope than *that*, man. It's when you're flat out, your neighborhood dealer's being held hostage in Bogota or something, and you ain't got *no* fucking dope, you don't know where to *get* no fucking dope, and you run into some guy on the street and he hands you a joint for nothing. There's just no way you can ever get better dope than that. Not ever.

High Times: Okay, you sly fuckers, you passed the litmus test. This whole interview was just a lead-up to that last question, to test if you really *had* been spoiled by success. But you answered it just like you would've a year ago, so now you get a reward. It just so happens, in the glove compartment of this Rolls we got a prerolled lid of Shungnak Thunderfuck, grown by Eskimos up north of the Arctic Circle. Hey Julio, pull in at the next taco stand and order us all a raft of everything they got. It's *party* time.

Chong: That really is the best part about being rich. There never *isn't* any dope around.

Cheech: About the best part of being famous is, there's always people around like Dwyer who want to *give* you dope.

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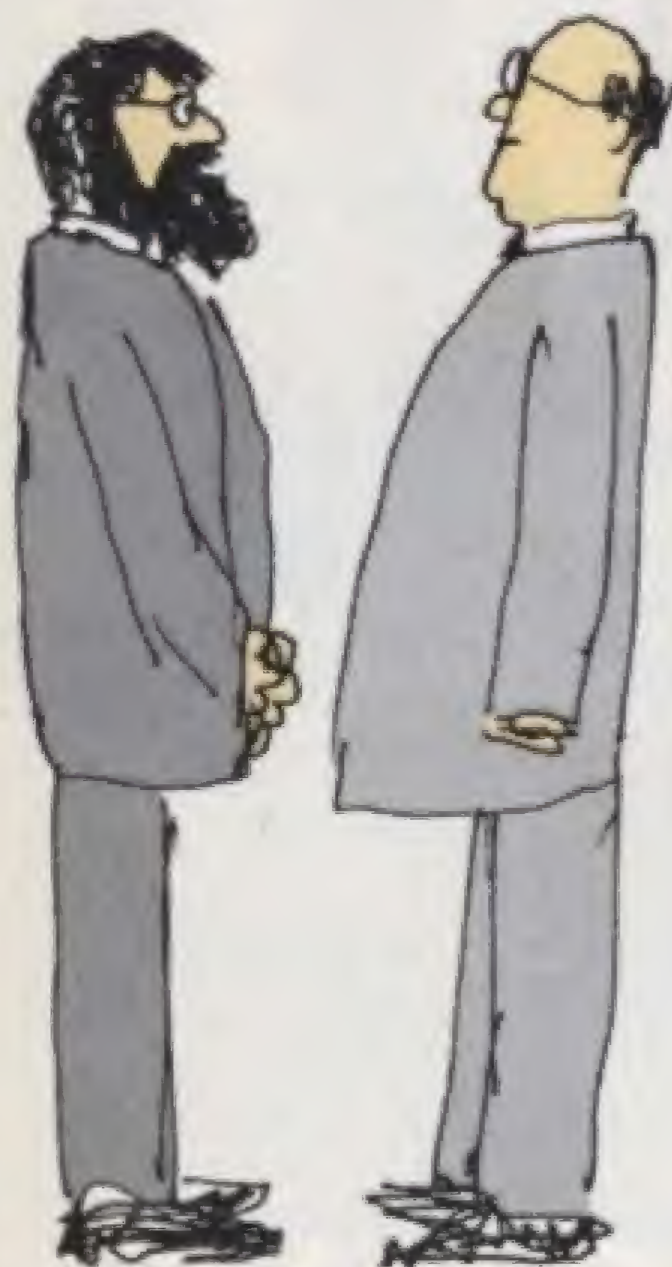
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The novelist was working on a huge, cyclopean, swords-and-sorcery epic set in 18th-century France, full of duels and seductions and revolutions and a cast that included such egregious gentry as Napoleon and the Marquis de Sade. It promised to be a rather juicy bit of work. Then HIGH TIMES called and asked if he would cover the 1980 San Francisco meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. The novelist was not at all sure he wanted to be dragged out of the novel while it was going well. But HIGH TIMES hooked him, not just with \$\$\$ but with the assignment to observe how the parapsychologists were handled, or manhandled, this time around.

You see, at the last AAAS meeting, in Houston in 1979, Dr. John Archibald Wheeler had damned and blasted the parapsychologists from here to hell and back. Dr. Wheeler is a real heavy; his contributions to quantum theory, gravitational geometry and other arcane branches of physics are literally cosmic in import. He also has the distinction of being called the father of the hydrogen bomb, except in those circles that attribute paternity to Dr. Edward Teller. Wheeler has another distinction, for which the novelist loves him dearly. In a weak moment, or a whimsical moment, Wheeler put his name on a paper, with two other physicists named Everett

The PERSECUTION and



and Graham, in which they proposed that everything that can happen, in effect, does happen; that there are millions of millions of millions of universes, each as vast in space and time as this one, in which slightly distorted Xerox copies of each of us are going through variations of the life scripts we are going through here.

Concretely, that seems to mean that in the universe next door, Dr. Wheeler never put his name on such a bizarre speculation; and in the universe two jumps away, he never became a physicist at all, but a ballet dancer perhaps; and so on and on through all possible permutations. If this theory makes you dizzy, take comfort in the thought that it only includes *possible* universes. The Everett-Wheeler-Graham model, or EWG for short, does not say that copies of you are wandering around in totally impossible universes. And yet in 1979 Dr. Wheeler, the man who loaned his prestigious name to this mind-boggling notion, denounced the parapsychologists for being weird. He had not just fulminated against the parapsychologists in Houston. He said they should be kicked the hell out of the American Association for the Advancement of Science for their heresies.

The novelist had no high regard for parapsychologists himself. (They seemed to lack imagination, poetry and whimsy. He thought they should all expand their consciousnesses by studying modern physics.) But he was interested in heretics in general and how the scientific establishment treats them. His interest was particularly concrete because there was one part of his historical novel that was giving him trouble. His hero, Sigismundo Celine, had seen a meteorite fall. Celine had dragged the damned thing, which couldn't exist according to 18th-century science, to the Academy of Sciences in Paris, where he was roundly denounced and mocked for his troubles.

The problem was in re-creating the mental set of the scientists of 1780, those self-declared men of reason who were so sure of their own enlightenment. How did they convince themselves of their own rationality while refusing to look at the actual facts about meteorites? The novelist decided that checking out how the AAAS deals with unorthodoxy today would give him some insight into how the academy dealt with meteorites in 1780.

And so the novelist-turned-journalist arrived at the San Francisco Hilton the second day of the AAAS meeting to drink impressions from a panel called "Science and Pseudoscience." The journalist had a pretty good idea of what *pseudoscience* meant: People who had been reporting the current equivalent of meteorites were going to be dumped on. It was an axiom of his philosophy that 10,000 trained witnesses reporting something that doesn't fit current theories have less credibility than 2 drunken participants in an auto accident. You might call that a paranoid head set or a cynical view of how domesticated primates behave when they get together in groups to define truth, but at least the journalist is up front about his own heresies.

The panel featured five speakers but only one viewpoint. If the pseudoscientists are those who think

host (who looks like a horse and talks like G.I. Gurdjieff) might press, "how do they determine what is Heretical and False and Untrue?" "They have an Infallible Method," Gulliver would reply, "which is this: They only Believe that which can be demonstrated to their Reason, and they are able to demonstrate to their Reason only those Propositions which they are willing to Believe."

At this point it was obvious that the journalist was goofing off and the novelist had seized the chance to take over the assignment. The journalist resumed control, and Dr. Hyman, not being a character in a satirical novel, then surprised both of us by arguing, rather somberly, that the pathology in "pathological science" was not just in the heretics but in the scientific establishment itself. What makes for pathology, Hyman said, beginning to sound like Gregory Bateson, is a jamming or warping in the communication process. The way to determine truth, Hyman went on vigorously, is to allow all viewpoints to be discussed.

This was such a radical notion, in these surroundings, that the sociobiologist expected Hyman to be ejected from the stage and sent to sit among the heretics on the sinners' bench. But Hyman made a nice recovery, rushing on to heap ridicule on the ideas of teleportation

ASSASSINATION of

they have found meteorites, here was a debate on the issue by five men who knew damned well that there were no meteorites. The heretics were allowed into the audience, however, where they promptly clustered themselves up front, directly under the panelists, in what the journalist recognized as "the sinners bench." The configuration illustrated what Tim Leary calls the vertical polarity of the emotional-territorial circuit: Any primate group defines authority in terms of who is *higher* and who is *lower*. (That's why dictators like to talk from balconies, Leary says.) So the primates on the stage were the authorities here, and the heretics down on the sinners' bench had to look up at them all morning long.

The first speaker was Rolf Sinclair of the National Science Foundation. He said a lot of nice things about science, which was not surprising; if the first speaker had been the pope, one would have expected him to say a lot of nice things about religion. The journalist took only one note during his sermonette. It said: "Scientists intensively competitive." Memory (always less reliable than the trusty notebook) indicates that Sinclair thought it was good that scientists are competitive, but whether this was on Darwinian or Republican grounds is not clear. The journalist did get the impression that Sinclair was trying very hard to be decent to everybody, including the heretics on the sinners' bench.

The next speaker was livelier. This was Dr. Ray Hyman of the University of Oregon. He defined *pseudoscience* rather circularly as "pathological science," and then defined that as "the science of things that aren't so." The journalist began to feel that Lemuel Gulliver should have been reporting this discourse. "The first Rule among these Learn'd Persons," Gulliver might write, "is that Heresy is False, and that Falsity is Untrue, and that, furthermore, the Untrue is Heretical." "But," Gulliver's



and "psychic force" (two of the most damnable of all heresies, according to the establishment). He was on the right side after all, and only the most Agnewesque establishmentarians would accuse him of being squishy-soft on heresy for believing in debate.

That psychic-force business is especially irritating to the establishment because, no matter how many times they condemn it as false, it keeps getting rediscovered, or rehallucinated, by otherwise sober people. Dr. Stanley Krippner, former president of the Association for Humanistic Psychology and a leading candidate for king of the heretics, if such an anarchist group had a king, lists more than 90 cases of the rehallucination of the psychic force in the history of science. For instance, Paracelsus discovered—or hallucinated—it as *munia* in the 16th century, and Luigi Galvani, the electrical pioneer, called it life force in 1790.

Indeed, the more the idea gets condemned, the more people seem to feel the force is with them. William McDougall called it the hormic energy in 1920; Henri Bergson, *élan vital*, also in 1920; Wilhelm Reich, orgone, 1937; V.S. Grischenko, bioplasma, 1944; Henry

Margenau, quasi-electrostatic field, 1959; Charles Musès, noetic energy, 1972, and on and on. There sure is a lot of hallucinating going on. Dopers *all* seem to have this hallucination; they call the force in question simply "the vibes," subdivided into "good vibes" and "bad vibes." Shows what Permanent Brain Damage will do.

And this brings up another thought to the historian, who pushes the journalist aside for a moment. Hyman, in speaking of the infestation of the establishment itself by "pathology," mentioned the attempt in the 1950s to suppress Velikovsky's book. Dr. Immanuel Velikovsky, if you don't remember, was the man who, among other things, claimed some of the miracles in the Bible actually happened, and were caused by a near collision of the earth and a comet. It is curious that Hyman should choose that example—an *attempt* to suppress books—when something far more pathological, from a civil libertarian point of view, occurred. For it was in 1957 that the feds seized all the books of Dr. Wilhelm Reich from their publisher, Orgone Institute Press, and burned them in Rangely, Maine, where Reich had stood trial. The books represented 30 years of scientific research. The historian has yet to find *any* record *anywhere* that *any*

the PARAPSYCHOLOGISTS as



member of the AAAS objected to this method of eliminating heresy. Thou shalt not discover or hallucinate psychic energy. Dig?

Dr. Hyman was even more sarcastic about teleportation than about psychic energy. Teleportation, the psychologist reflects, is what domesticated primates call it when something arrives somewhere and they can't figure out how it got there. For instance, if the Wright brothers had kept the airplane a secret, and I arrived in New York a few hours after you knew I had been in Los Angeles, that would be a teleportation, because you couldn't explain it. Teleportation is *possible* if and only if there are scientific principles we have not yet discovered. It is *probable* if and only if you accept the evidence cited by various persons who aver that they have witnessed teleportations. The author is personally inclined to consider teleportation *possible*, because he doubts very much that primate brains have evolved to the point, in 1960, where they know all the laws of the universe. Some things probably can move around by methods we do not understand. On the other hand, the author does not consider teleportation *probable*, because the evidence cited for it by people who claim to have seen it is not quite as good as the evidence, say, that there were two Oswalds in Dallas on November 22, 1963, and considerably less good than the evidence that objects in the earth's gravitational field fall at 32 feet per second per second unless other forces are acting on them.

Dr. Hyman made it sound, as do many members of the AAAS, as if the idea of teleportation is not only improbable but impossible. The only logical justification for that position would seem to be that they are personally convinced they know *all* the laws of the universe already. Blessed are the meek, but they will never get to sit on an AAAS panel called Science and Pseudoscience.

The best catalog of teleportations, or alleged teleportations, can be found in the books of Charles Fort: *The Book of the Damned*, *New Lands*, *Lol and Wild Talents*, if you are interested. Fort collected literally thousands of cases of damned things appearing where they couldn't or shouldn't. Some of his cases come from newspapers (not the most reliable sources of scientific data) but a lot of them come from scientific journals. Fort himself didn't know what to make of his data. Since he was willing to be offensive to theologians as well as to scientists, he said that if God were moving all these things around, we should consider the possibility that God is a mental case.

The next speaker was an astronomer named E.C. Krupp from Griffith Observatory. Krupp quickly set to the business at hand, which was smiting Erich von Daniken. Krupp smote von Daniken's arithmetic (all wrong), his scholarship (slipshod at best) and his integrity (questionable even to those who try hardest to be charitable in judging our fellow humans). It was very professional smiting, but the journalist had encountered it all before in the occult journal *Gnostica*, which had smitten von Daniken by cataloging the same errors in his



performed by the **INMATES** of the

works several years ago. It is hard to think Krupp ever read *Gnostica*, however, since it is an "occult" journal and always has words like *witchcraft* and *tantra* and *sex magick* on the cover. The journalist couldn't help wondering, though, if Krupp had read somebody who read *Gnostica*.

Of course, it is remarkably easy to smite von Daniken, whose books are a virtual encyclopedia of how *not* to prove an argument. His scholarship is careless at best and suspiciously opportunistic always. The trouble with smiting von Daniken is that his particular heresy—the idea that extraterrestrials may have visited this planet—has been espoused by many theorists whose writings are much more scholarly, careful and scientifically honest than his. This list includes Robert K.G. Temple, an English astronomer who thinks people from Sirius visited here around 4,000 years ago; Jacques Bergier, a French physicist who believes we might have been visited many times; Duncan Lunan, a Scots astronomer who has suggested that there's been a probe from Epsilon Boötis in our solar system for several centuries, and many others. One can't escape the feeling that it is easier to smite von Daniken than any of these men, but that an attempt to smite *them* would yield more light and less heat.

Krupp then went on to what is known as the sociology of knowledge, in part a technique for invalidating the arguments of your opponent by showing that he, she or it has ulterior motives for subscribing to a particular doctrine. (The sociology of knowledge was invented by Karl Marx, but in capitalist countries sociologists like to pretend it was invented by Karl Mannheim, to avoid being called Marxists.) Krupp proposed that people who believe earth has been visited by outsiders believe so because this gives them psychological gratification.

That's the nice thing about the sociology of knowledge: You can use it to explain away anybody who has an idea you don't like. Even von Daniken, if he were in the audience and fast enough with a riposte, might suggest that Krupp is an isolationist (i.e., he believes we've never been visited) because that gives Krupp psychological gratification. Indeed, the sociobiologist thought of that himself. Domesticated primates are very territorial, and it fills them with anxiety and rage if outsiders seem to be impinging on their turf. Better we should argue about one another's motivations than actually look at the evidence that such outsiders might be peeping through the windows or oozing down the chimney, right?

By now it was clear that the panelists thus far were all liberals. The difference between liberals and conservatives is that conservatives want to hit heretics on the head with blunt instruments whereas liberals want to treat them for mental illness. The chief function of the panel, the psychologist thought, was to disseminate the liberal view that heretics are mentally ill. "Pathological science" is the science of the mentally ill.

The next speaker, a grim fellow with dark hair, dark mustache and even dark eyebrows, looked like a physician on a soap opera telling the heroine she has only three months to live. He was Rodney Stark of the University of Washington and his subject was the geography of heresy. Most heretics, he claimed, live on the Pacific coast. No great surprise. We Californians even have a joke that California is like Granola because it consists of equal parts of fruits, nuts and flakes. But Stark was replete with surveys, charts and data of all kinds that proved that the situation was not just Californian. It goes all the way up and down the coast, he said. Washington, Oregon and even Alaska are infected. There are more cults here than anywhere else, he said.



The journalist hadn't heard such oratory since Jim Garrison was in his heyday, finding new Kennedy assassins every second newsbreak. It was a smashing performance and the sociobiologist was convinced that most of the audience were breathing harder and starting to tense their muscles before it was half over. Primate mob psychology at its most primitive. But Randi was a bit unclear about who he was attacking. He kept referring to the heretics as "parapsychologists," but most of the people he denounced were not parapsychologists or any kind of psychologists. But parapsychologist has evidently become a generic term in Randi's mind. "Parapsychologist" means to Randi what "communist" meant to Joe McCarthy or "male chauvinist" to Gloria Steinem. It means he doesn't like your ideas.

Randi's chief targets were Drs. Harold Puthoff and Russell Targ, who are not parapsychologists but physicists. Randi's vendetta against Puthoff and Targ is so long, tangled and replete with charges and countercharges that it sounds like the plot of a spy novel. Among other things, he hates them for saying that Uri Geller can bend metal by *wishing* it bent. Puthoff and Targ deny they said this. Whenever the matter comes up, they quote their report on Geller in *Nature* magazine, in which they wrote: "Although metal bending by Geller has been observed in our laboratory, we have not been

AMERICAN association for

Most of the mail to *Fate* magazine (the journal of organized, or disorganized, heresy) comes from these states. There are more astrologers listed in the phone books of our major cities than in any of the cities east of the Rockies. Furthermore, membership in the conventional churches is lower out here than elsewhere in the country.

The journalist was reminded of Timothy Leary's argument, in his new book, *Intelligence Agents*, that the mutant genes—which Leary also calls *futique* genes, because he thinks they're searching for a new reality—have been moving steadily westward for the past 30,000 years and are now all piled up on top of one another on the Pacific coast, with no place left to go but outer space. Stark gave no indication of thinking all the weirdness on the coast is part of an evolutionary movement. He was content to note merely that there was a neurogeography of heresy and that the heresiarchs have all landed in the Wild West.

Then, the high point of the morning arrived in the form of The Amazing Randi, as he styles himself. Randi looks like Santa Claus and talks like the late Sen. Joseph R. McCarthy. Randi is not a liberal by any definition but a real, old-fashioned, honest-to-Cthulhu conservative, fire-breathing variety. He wants to hit the heretics on the head with a blunt instrument. The Amazing Randi is of the school of thought that holds heretics are a bunch of *sneaks, cheats and liars*. This is the best rhetorical stance for a heresy hunter since it is rooted deeply in primate psychology. It is much easier to rile up a herd of primates by hollering "that gang over there are sneaks, cheats and liars" than by the liberal path of saying "that gang has an honest difference of opinion with us." Every demagogue knows this, and Randi, an old showman, plays it to the hilt.

able to combine such observations with adequately controlled experiments to obtain data sufficient to support the paranormal hypothesis." That seems to mean that they saw him bend metal, but the conditions were such that they could not rule out the possibility of trickery.

Randi refuses to believe this, and continues to damn and blast them for saying Geller did it by *wishing* it. He has a good source for this; the source happens to be his own book, *The Magic of Uri Geller*, in which he says they said it was done by wishing. The debate between Randi and Puthoff and Targ is *all* on that level. There are two versions of *everything*. As Abbie Hoffman once said, there seem to be a lot of different realities going around these days.

When Randi got through roasting Puthoff and Targ, he performed some magic for the audience; he was a professional magician before he became a professional heresy hunter. He got a volunteer from the audience and performed "psychic surgery" like the shamans in the Philippines. He claimed that because this performance was a fake, all similar performances must be fakes. (There seemed to be an undistributed middle in Randi's syllogism. He must be using some new brand of non-Aristotelian and nondistributive logic, the psychologist decided.)

The psychologist had even more trouble with Randi's idea that "psychic surgery" and other shamanistic tricks are necessarily bad for their customers. Everybody knows about the placebo effect: Give a patient a powder and tell him it will make him better and quite often he *will* get better. In a tribal society that has heard of surgery but doesn't have any surgeons, "psychic surgery" could very well work as a *dramatized* placebo. Because Randi didn't quote any statistics on how people respond to psychic

surgery (scientific method is strangely alien to him), one had only his bald assertion that it didn't work. In fact, we do know that all forms of faith healing, healing by suggestion, et cetera, work best with people who want to get well—who are, as it were, looking for an excuse to get well. For instance, *Medical Sciences Bulletin* (September 14, 1979) reported that these are the types who respond best to placebos. The types who want to stay sick ignore placebos along with all other therapies. It seems likely that the people who resort to psychic surgery are the former type, looking for an excuse to get well, and that those who would not respond to it wouldn't even try it.

When the psychologist turned himself back into the journalist, Randi was in the midst of his peroration. He repeated all over his denunciations of parapsychologists, building up steam as he went along. You could see he had the audience in the palm of his hand. If he had ended, "Let's get a rope and string the bastards up right now!" anything could have happened.

Most of the audience marched out, smiles of contentment adorning their faces. They had heard what they came to hear, and all was well in their little worlds.

And so (as Lemuel Gulliver might have reported), these Learned Men, having Inquir'd deeply into the Case

the advancement of **SCIENCE** under

for the Opposition, discover'd that the Opposition had no Case and were Devoid of Merit, which was what they Suspected all along, and they arriv'd at this Happy Conclusion by the most Economical and Nice of all Methods of Enquiry, which was that they did not Invite the Opposition to confuse Matters by participating in the Discussion.

At last the heretics were allowed to get up from the sinners' bench to make their five-minute rebuttals. Dr. Sinclair kept one eye on his wristwatch to make sure they didn't go over their limit. Dr. Russell Targ of the Stanford Research Institute spoke for fewer than five minutes. He said that everything Randi had said about his research was untrue, that the reports on the research were in print in *Nature* magazine and that anybody who wanted to form an impartial judgment should go and look up the reports. He sounded tired, as if he had said this so many times that he was getting bored hearing himself say it again. Randi jumped up and called Dr. Targ about 17 kinds of liar, including damned liar and revolting liar and plain-and-fancy liar.

Dr. Harold Puthoff, also of the Stanford Research Institute, made pretty much the same speech as Dr. Targ, inviting people to read their reports instead of accepting Randi's version of their research. Randi jumped up and called Dr. Puthoff 23 kinds of rascal and scoundrel. Dr. Geoffrey Mishlove said that everything Randi had said about Ted Serios, the man who allegedly can put pictures on film by wishing them there, was inaccurate. You can imagine what Randi said about Dr. Mishlove.

Dr. Jack Sarfatti spoke for nearly the full five minutes. He said that the only reason for believing in the so-called paranormal was if it happened to you so often that it got to be normal. He said that it had happened to him that



often. He also said that he was working on a new theory of quantum mechanics that might explain why these so-called paranormal events happen. Nobody at the AAAS wanted to hear a theory that suggested the paranormal was normal.

And so the novelist got a pretty good idea of how the French Academy of Sciences would have reacted to Sigismundo Celine's blasphemous meteorite in 1780. It would have appointed a panel of five men who didn't believe in meteorites to debate the issue impartially. One of them would suggest that prometeorite people should also be heard, but he wouldn't insist on it. Another would produce statistics showing that meteorites are most commonly reported in a part of France known to be full of kooks. A third would denounce a book on meteorites by a man who also believed in the tooth fairy. And a professional demagogue would round out the day by denouncing people who see meteorites as scoundrels, rascals, liars, fools and lousy no-good bastards in general.

The psychologist made one final note: "After this article appears in print, Randi will claim I'm a parapsychologist." The journalist found the whole



the direction of the *amazing* **RANDI!**

experience entertaining but hardly edifying. The sociobiologist acquired a few notes for his projected nonfiction opus, "Dominance Rituals among Domesticated Primates."

The satirical novelist wandered over to a symposium on sociobiology held by a group called Science for the People. They all hated sociobiology as much as Randi hates parapsychology. They hated it because sociobiologists take Darwin seriously and really believe we are a primate species, with all the usual primate habits. They went on and on, denouncing sociobiology as degrading to humanity and sexist and reactionary. And all the time they were saying these things the journalist kept imagining he was watching another gang of primates working themselves up into a rage against a rival tribe. It was like watching the cast of *Planet of the Apes* argue about their own superiority and rationality. The journalist had to leave because he was afraid he would start to laugh in an uncontrollable way and, what with his press card saying HIGH TIMES, they might think he was on some kind of weird drug.



Death Stalks the Prairie: The Strange Phenomenon of Cattle Mutilations

by Tom Clark and David Perkins

A Menace on the Rangeland

There is a new menace on the American prairies and rangelands. It is a force mysterious, powerful and unpredictable enough to make the vintage dangers of range existence, the mountain lions and blizzards and cattle thieves, look like so many pussycats and gentle breezes and philanthropists. It is a force that operates beyond the capability of the most sophisticated known technology, strikes with a democratic ubiquity all over the Western range country, and performs so flawlessly as seldom to leave evidence or tracks.

What is this dread force? Ranchers, who are frightened and angry, and lawmen, who are worried and embarrassed, are left equally in the dark. All anybody knows is that something is coming out of the night, and probably out of the sky, and doing something very, very strange to the grazing beasts of the plains. The thing that is coming is a very efficient and orderly phantom surgeon known only by its mark. The mark it leaves is a mutilated animal.

A typical case goes like this: An animal is found dead. There are no signs of struggle. The animal, usually a cow, is totally drained of blood. There are no traces of blood anywhere. (The body of a mature cow contains about 60 pints of blood.) The animal's sexual organs are precisely excised and absent from the carcass. The rectum is neatly cored out. In female animals, the udder (or parts of it) is removed with such clean surgical exactness that the witness of one mutilated carcass suggested the udder excision had been done "with a cookie cutter." And, organs and tissues are also removed. These include eyes, ears, tongues, portions of lip or snout, patches of skin, tails and hearts.

How many mutilations have occurred since the phenomenon first made the news in 1967, the year Snippy the Horse was carved up by unknown intruders on a ranch near Alamosa, Colorado? No single agency, so far as we know, has recorded and catalogued the entire mutilation phenomenon. Only in the past few years have investigators such as Tom Adams (Project Stigma) in Texas and the task force of AMP (Animal Mutilation Probe) in Colorado begun toting up the weird box

score of forever-silenced cattle. The mutes, as the investigators call the mutilated animals, can't tell their story.

Until recently the law enforcement people you'd expect an accounting from haven't been very helpful. Isolated police reports exist; comprehensive statistics don't. Cattlemen's associations try to discourage publicity on the subject and disclose very little. How do you find accurate numbers?

In New Mexico, where ranchers have been terrorized by successive waves of mutilations for at least half a decade, a state policeman named Gabe Valdez began to stalk the mutilators in 1978. Valdez's personal files now show 90 head of cattle and six horses mutilated in New Mexico. During the peak year of 1975, when a massive mute wave crested in the prairies of Colorado, that state's Bureau of Investigation received over 200 reports of cattle mutilations. Our research indicates that for every reported mute, ten or more go unreported. Given all these uncertainties, the closest thing to a reliable Western mutilation total seems to be about 8,000 over the past dozen years, with the losses to owners of mutilated cattle in the Western states assessed at two and a half million dollars.

Git Along, Little Dogie

Snippy the Horse made the local newspapers and then the national and international wire services. But it was not until 1975 that the mutilation problem made its first big splash in the media, with a whole wave of mutes, not just single freak incidents. The wave began in Logan County, Colorado, at the beginning of that year (since then, there have been 98 reported mutilations in Logan County); before the end of the year, Montana, Idaho, Texas, Wyoming, Arizona and New Mexico were also heavily hit. Cultists, vandals, pranksters were the first suspects.

The cattle mutilation wave became the Associated Press "Story of 1975" for the state of Colorado, whose governor, Dick Lamm, numbered the mass animal carving among "the greatest outrages in the history of the Western cattle industry." Similar concern now grips New Mexico, where the mutilation terror has recently reached grim new levels, forcing Sen.

Harrison Schmitt to convene the First Multistate Mutilation Conference in April 1979. "There are few activities more dangerous than an unsolved pattern of crime," Senator Schmitt advised the conferees ominously. (And this man knew danger—he'd walked on the moon!) Expanding the confusion, it was even suggested by some at the Schmitt conference that the mutilations were the work not of persons at all, but of extraterrestrial agencies. Others pointed the finger of suspicion at the U.S. Air Force, at the energy companies, even at that mighty mother of mystery, the CIA!

Schmitt's conference provided no answers. The state government's only substantial response was to apply for a grant from the federally funded Law Enforcement Assistance Administration. Over \$40,000 was later approved to underwrite an investigation center in northern New Mexico and pay the \$27,500 salary of a full-time "mute tracker"—Kenneth Rommel, a retired FBI agent, known by his contacts in that agency as "The Fox" in honor of his ability to track down fugitives.

What is it about the mutilations that so damages the range man's psyche? Why, for example, does the rancher react more violently to a single mutilation than he would to having a nation of rattlers let loose in the midst of his herd? It's not the loss of an isolated, uninsured cow that does the real damage. It's the shocking and inexplicable violation of his deepest traditional bond, his connection with his animals. In the code of the West, the cowboy is permanently etched as the defender of the beasts he depends on for his living.

The sacrosanct relationship between the cow, the cowboy, his horse and the environment is at the heart of the Western experience. Once, the ranchers hired skilled mercenary avengers, like the legendary Tom Horn, to clear their pastures of cattle thieves. Now they have Rommel, "The Fox," who announced in May 1979 that he's going to bring these mutilators in by the ears—even if they're "little green men." One year and several dozen mutilations later, Rommel is still looking for his first little green ear; and to the ranchman the whole situation is

looking stranger and scarier by the day.

Apart from violating deep-seated Western notions of what's right on the range, the mutilations represent a small but annoying bite out of the beef industry, an industry that's much less concerned with preserving the code of the West than with extracting every cent of profit out of every head of cattle. Beef, of course, is a very big business; the average citizen of this republic consumed 193.56 pounds of meat last year. The cow stands alone in its field as the stolid central building block of our Yankee food chain.

Whoever or whatever they are, the mutilators show almost no sign of being normal, healthy, red-blooded Americans. The cherished prime rib? They disdain all the best cuts, preferring to drain the blood and make off with the sex organs. Indeed, it seems they contaminate what they don't take. Common predators—coyotes, bears, rodents and birds of prey—will have nothing to do with the carcasses of mutilated animals. In many cases, even flies avoid the ripe remains for days. It's as if the silenced cow were surrounded by a kind of physical ozone that speaks to all living beings of grave, imminent menace.

The Snippy Case: First Strike of the Radioactive Surgeons

On September 9, 1967, an Appaloosa gelding named Snippy was found mutilated near the Great Sand Dunes National Monument in Colorado's immense San Luis Valley. The pride and joy of Berle and Nellie Lewis, Snippy was boarded on the ranch of Nellie's brother, Harry King. It was King who found the dead and horribly disfigured horse, in a pasture less than a quarter-mile from the King ranch house. Somehow, Snippy's neck and shoulders had been completely denuded of flesh. The skinned head and neck was surrounded with a ring of some dark "jellylike" substance.

Shocked at the animal's condition, King summoned Nellie immediately. To Mrs. Lewis, the death of her horse was not an isolated occurrence. For several months, she and other residents of the remote San Luis Valley had been seeing nocturnal lights bobbing and weaving through the high sky of their valley. On the evening of September 7 (the first night Snippy didn't show up for food and water), Agnes King, Harry's 87-year-old mother, had seen a "large object" pass over the ranch house.

Unable to interest her local sheriff in the mystery of Snippy's death, Nellie Lewis contacted a U.S. Forest Service ranger, who checked the area with a civil-defense Geiger counter. The ranger reported a "considerable increase" in radioactivity about two city blocks from

Snippy's carcass. The readings decreased as the ranger approached the animal and increased again on the other side.

The site of the mutilation revealed several other oddities. A strange, medicinal, "incenselike" odor hung over the scene. According to Harry King, who retraced Snippy's tracks in the pasture, the horse had been running at top speed—but the body was found 100 feet beyond the last prints. About 150 feet from the carcass, a three-foot chico bush was flattened to the ground. In an area about 20 feet from the carcass, the examination of another "smashed" bush revealed the presence of eight holes poked into the ground, each about two and a half inches in diameter and five inches deep. Other random "burn and scorch marks" punctuated the meadow.

On October 5, the Associated Press of Colorado put out a wire story stating that Mrs. Lewis was "blaming a flying saucer—or at least a radioactive surgeon."

On October 7, Don Richmond of the Pueblo County Sheriff's Department investigated the scene of Snippy's death. About 40 yards northeast of the carcass he noted five fenceposts that were "sheared off" two feet from the top. Richmond also found random "mechanical claw marks" in the pasture.

1973: The Mysterious Helicopters

Whatever zapped Snippy apparently took a powder for the next few years. Then, here and there, more strangely mutilated animals began to turn up—in Minnesota (1970), in Oklahoma (1971). The cattle carving remained isolated and sporadic, however, until the spring of 1973, when there occurred an unexpected escalation that researchers associate with the emergence of the mystery helicopters.

Unmarked, unidentified choppers, sometimes black or white or silver, sometimes jungle green, were suddenly sighted all over the West—often flying at illegal altitudes and exhibiting maneuvers (rapid stoops, immediate changes of direction, silent running) that challenged the performance capabilities of any known conventional craft. They were often spotted, it began to seem, in neighborhoods where cows were turning up weirdly murdered and "surgerized." To ranchers, the appearance of these mystery craft quickly came to signal trouble, much as does the circling of buzzards.

Ranchers and lawmen in the Plains states soon became convinced that the operators of these mystery craft were responsible for what was happening to their cattle. This conviction, however, did not lead to any arrests—then or later.

In early 1973, the mystery choppers were implicated in a number of pig "rustlings" in southern Iowa, circling cattle in Minnesota—where one of the cows was later mutilated—and the disappearance of a cow in Illinois. In St. Francois County, Missouri, another farmer watched an unmarked "army-type helicopter" hover over his cattle, but none were touched. That fall, near Pond, Missouri, a farmer had five pigs "stolen"; a helicopter was seen buzzing the area, and the farmer even exchanged "gunfire" with its occupants—he thinks; the "bullets" shot from the helicopter were never found.

1974: The Year of the Cult

The major theater of mutilation action shifted to north-central Kansas during the winter of 1973-74, and it changed the range man's perception of the phenomenon. What had originally seemed to be a weird novelty hoax was turning into an authentic American Gothic nightmare.

Between November 30, 1973, and January 8, 1974, some 44 Kansas cows were found with sexual organs removed, with blood drained, and missing some combination of ear, tongue, rectum or patch of skin. Many of the cows were black (Hereford or Angus), prompting authorities to view the killings as the work of "cultists." According to this school of thought, well-financed Satan worshipers needed the animal parts and blood for their exotic rituals.

Panicky rumors—would the phantom surgeons turn their attention to *human* patients?—began to sweep across the rangelands. Armed to the molars, Kansas farmers patrolled frozen back roads in continuous shifts through the long winter nights; the Kansas National Guard directed pilots to fly at higher altitudes to evade overanxious ground fire.

The following summer, more than 100 cattle were killed and mutilated in Nebraska, Kansas and Iowa. Authorities blamed predators, but many locals speculated that witchcraft was involved. (One farmer, however, told *Newsweek* that a "shiny UFO landed in a field where a slaughtered animal was later found.")

In late fall, Lyons County, Minnesota, was hit, bringing the total of mutilations in that state to 22. A subsequent "confidential" report, compiled by federal treasury agent Don Flickinger for the U.S. Attorney's office in Minneapolis, attributed the phenomenon to the work of a nationwide "religious occult." On the dubious testimony of two penitentiary inmates, Flickinger pointed the finger at a mysterious group called the Sons of Satan. *continued*



In November 1975, *Saga* published further "evidence" linking the mutilations to a group of devil cultists. Supposedly under the direction of a powerful maniac named Howard, the cultists were intent on creating a "hell on earth."

1975: Wholesale Phantom Surgery

In 1975, 165 million beef cattle were grazing in American pastures, more than at any time before or since. In the face of such grand numbers, a visitor from another planet might understandably wonder why earthlings would get so upset about the loss of a few thousand cows. But, in 1975, get upset they did. Hooded figures, mystery helicopters, flying saucers and mutilated cattle all over the Western rangelands—how could a self-respecting cowboy hold up his head when stuff like *that* was going on?

Texas, Colorado, New Mexico, Idaho, Arizona, Wyoming, Montana—all these states experienced significant mute waves in 1975. A fast breakdown:

Texas: February 5: a lone mute in the Panhandle, a mute and helicopters in Gregg County, mutes and helicopters in Smith and Wood counties.

March 10, Cochran County: another classic mutilation in a wheat field, with a 30-foot circle "burned clean" around the site. Radiation detected. Sheriff's report cites local visitation by a UFO: "It is about as wide as a two-lane highway, round, looks the color of the sun when it is going down, and has got a blue glow around it."

Throughout 1975, surgical intruders roam the Lone Star State, mutilating cows at will, and with Wyatt Earp turning in his grave stage a grand finale amidst the national defense-perimeter military installations of Brownsville, where at the end of December they carve up several cows.

Colorado: hundreds of mutilations, beginning in February with Garfield County mutes. May, Elbert County: mutes and mystery-chopper "sound" in the night. July 6: mutilated cow found near the gate of the NORAD Combat Operations Center in Cheyenne Mountain. Fall: mutilated buffalo *inside the gate of Cheyenne Mountain*—in the military zoo! Same time: two mutilated cows, near the gate of Rocky Flats nuclear weapons plant (Jefferson County). Same time: numerous mutes in Logan County; also in the San Luis Valley—Great Sand Dunes area (site of the original Snippy crime), accompanied by "strange craft" sightings.

October: Gov. Dick Lamm calls in the Colorado Bureau of Investigation. The

largest group of law officers ever assembled in Colorado sets out on the trail of the mutes, and armed vigilante patrols of ranchers are combing the back roads. With over 70 mutilated cows in Logan County and 80 in Elbert County, 1975 is a hard year for Colorado ranchers; all the cattlemen's cash rewards go unclaimed.

New Mexico: August 1975: two mutilations in Portales and Abiquiu. October: Springer, Raton and Clayton all report cows and bulls forever silenced, with no clues, rectum and sex organs gone. The area is flooded with reports of mystery helicopters.

November: A National Guard helicopter unit is sent to Clayton. Clayton residents report mystery chopper visitations almost nightly; mutilated cattle are discovered the next morning.

Idaho: June: The mutilation of six heifers (in two strikes) leads to the formation of range patrol units. A local sheriff blames "Satanists." September: horses mutilated in Snake River Canyon. October 6: Mutes in Fremont County bring the state count to 13. A rancher reports "hooded figures" in the pasture around the time of the strike. Same time: hooded figures spotted in Blaine County; numerous UFO accounts; numerous mutilations. November 1: totals for year to date—90 mutilated animals in Idaho.

Arizona: September: five classic mutilations along the high Mogollon Rim area; burn marks on the legs of the carcasses. Two hooded figures are spotted near a mutilation site.

November 5: Travis Walton, a member of a forest thinning crew working along the Mogollon Rim, claims to have been abducted by a UFO, which zaps him with a blue-green ray. Walton is later found lying on a road near Heber.

Wyoming: September and October: at least 35 cows mutilated and numerous mystery helicopter reports in Uinta County.

September 16: Two ranchmen pursue a chopper they suspect of mutilating cattle. "We interrupted some sort of operation," one rancher tells the Casper press. "I think they tranquilize them, and then they do their thing." October: In Weston County, the day after one mutilation, witnesses spot a strange object flying low near the area. The mutilators seem to show a preference for cows grazing near uranium mines.

Montana: "Something's going on here," Sheriff John Howard of Teton County says on August 23, "and I don't want to

know what it is." Howard's count of carved-up local livestock reaches 60 on that date, and keeps mounting; his state, it seems, is one of the mutilators' favorites.

Throughout the year, sheriffs in several counties are buried under a blizzard of reports of mutilations, flying disks, mystery helicopters, cultists and large hairy creatures carrying boxlike objects.

As in Colorado, the mutilations occur principally around military installations. In Montana, heavy activity centers around Malmstrom Air Force Base in Cascade County. (The sheriff's office in that county becomes a central clearinghouse for mute information statewide.) Other areas hit include the vicinities of ICBM missile bases in Chouteau, Teton, Judith Basin, Pondera and Fergus counties.

By September, cows are dropping all over the state; lawmen are horror stricken. The phantom surgery being done on Montana cows leaves burn marks around the cuts and strange neck bruises. Are the surgeons using laser beams? Injecting tranquilizers through the jugular vein? Mystery helicopters are spotted by a sheriff's deputy in Cascade County and later buzz several nearby ICBM missile sites.

October 18: Malmstrom AFB confirms nine different sightings of unidentified flying objects south of Great Falls. November 7: another report confirmed as "not conventional aircraft." Numerous disk objects and unmarked helicopters appear around the base over the next 12 days, as do classic cattle mutilations.

December 8: Unidentified intruders penetrate the sensitive air space above the Fox 10 missile site near Malmstrom. The missile crew sights a mystery helicopter. That night, a local ranch family discovers a mutilated cow on its land.

December 23: A woman driving to work at Great Falls International Airport sees an "egg-shaped object," which paces her car for a short distance. The shaken woman tells authorities the object was "as large as a two-story building."

December 26: A "creature, seven to seven and a half feet tall and twice as wide as a man," terrifies two women on a ranch in mute country near Vaughn; the mysterious creature may or may not be Bigfoot—but it definitely isn't Santa Claus.

Two or more of the large hairy critters are reported near Helena. One witness tells officers that the bigger of the two picked up a dark-colored object "about the size of a bale of hay." What resembled "a

piece of dark plastic" was flapping from the ends. The big creature handed the object to the smaller creature and both disappeared into the woods.

Between August 1975 and May 1976, Cascade sheriffs tote up about 130 mystery craft and over 100 mutilations.

The Gomez Ranch

After the galloping grimness of 1975, the mutilation rates tapered off to a steady canter. The phantom surgeons have revisited many of their old haunts, on a periodic basis, and have added some new stops to their itinerary—and new tricks to their repertoire. The one constant in the mutilation picture is mystery. No concerted effort (above the state level) to identify or apprehend the mutilators has yet been made. As of now, the phantom surgeons of the plains have eluded justice longer than any major group of fugitives in U.S. history.

With each new mutilation, it seems, the direction of suspicion changes. If a chemical solution is found in the dead cow's bloodstream, or if hooded figures are seen, then cultists are suspected. UFO sightings swing the blame to extraterrestrials. Mystery choppers, cruising through mute-filled canyons dangling buckets, seem to indicate energy-company involvement. Activity around military and nuclear sites suggests that governmental agencies might be culpable. But the clues that mutes turn up are never simple. What are we to make, for example, of the discovery Logan County, Colorado, ex-sheriff Tex Graves made in Sterling, Colorado, in February 1976? Investigating a classic mute, Graves found a wad of "tin-foil" in the dead cow's mouth. (Graves and other law officers later chased a large mystery helicopter around the missile silo-infested Logan County countryside.) And then there is the question of the mystery choppers.

Did they belong to the government? That was hard to tell. For one thing, the choppers could do things U.S. military helicopters can't. In an article appearing in the February 27-March 4, 1976, issue of the *Berkeley Barb*, a Colorado Bureau of Investigation man pointed out that the U.S. Army doesn't keep very good track of its helicopters—so *anybody* might be flying them. The army had over 400 helicopters stolen last year.

Few mutilation cases can be adequately investigated: Either the cow has decomposed, or the rancher is reluctant to talk, or the evidence is just too vague to consider. One useful case, however, is that of the Gomez Ranch, near Dulce, New Mexico, where a series of cattle atrocities and displays of aerial weirdness have been documented by state patrolman Gabe Valdez.

The ranch was first targeted on June 14, 1976, when the owner, Manuel Gomez, lost a four-year-old cow to unknown agencies. Udder, rectum, ear, eye, tongue and tail had been removed from the dead animal. Large tripod marks were found near the cow, as if something heavy had landed on three legs. Smaller tripod tracks were found close to the cow; the grass nearby was scorched.

Over the next three years, seven more cows were killed and mutilated on the Gomez spread, which some investigators suspected was being used as a test farm for unknown agencies who wished to continue ongoing experiments.

On April 23, 1978, Gomez discovered another mutilated cow. Numerous tracks were found near the carcass, made by "something metallic and extremely heavy."

With Valdez's help, scientist Howard Burgess tested the Gomez herd to

determine whether the animals were being "premarked" by the mutilators. Ultraviolet testing indicated that five of the cows had indeed been marked with "bright fluorescent splashes" on their backs or sides. The fluorescent substance matched the chemical composition (magnesium-potassium) of a powdery material that had been deposited on the hood of a pickup truck by a hovering UFO in Taos.

Evidence from the scene indicates that whatever is meddling with the Gomez herd has returned repeatedly. On the night of April 8, 1979, two Indian tribal policemen patrolling land adjacent to the Gomez ranch watched a silent aircraft beam a spotlight down onto the Gomez cows. The aircraft, said one of the officers, "just hung there in the sky" as it beamed the cattle. The craft was briefly picked up on radar by the Federal Aviation Administration's regional air traffic control center in Longmont, Colorado, and then lost again.

Have Manuel Gomez's cows been branded as test animals by a monitoring agency that wants to know about the soil composition and water quality of this land, the site of a 1967 27-megaton underground nuclear explosion? So it's been suggested. All Manuel Gomez knows is somebody's killing his cows and the government can't (or won't) do anything about it.

Elsberry and After

Residents of the small community of Elsberry, Missouri, on the Mississippi River north of St. Louis, are still shaking their heads over the incomprehensible occurrences there between June 8 and August 4, 1978. To commemorate the craziness, they wear T-shirts that portray a dead cow, legs up, with a spaceship overhead.

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9/11

Confessions of a 63-year-old pot virgin. by Molly Bigonét

How is it that you've never tried pot? Here you are at age 63, a retired teacher, somebody's grandmother, considered to be avant-garde by many of your generation of friends, yet you are as unaware as the most innocent elementary-school kid.

But comes a day when you are offered a pot brownie and there goes your virginity, and are you ever glad! You and your husband are spending the afternoon with a friend who is a neighbor of your daughter, and you stop by to say hello to her. She is just taking a batch of brownies out of the oven and you decide that this is an opportunity.

Your daughter warns that this brownie may seem harmless but that it is best to be careful. She says that she would advise a little milk but no alcohol of any kind, not even a sip of beer.

You know that you are spending the afternoon with your nice safe husband and his very gentlemanly bachelor friend, both age 73, so you will be in good company, and no matter what happens you'll have someone to take care of you; so you decide to have a beer along with the menfolk.

It occurs to you that it would be such a good joke if you could act in a normal fashion, have a beer as usual and then spring it on your husband that you have indeed indulged in pot. Won't he be surprised? Ha ha.

Everything is so pleasant. The California sun is so benign, and these two companions are so courtly. Listening to their

conversation is like listening to a Bach fugue or a Mozart concerto.

Whoops! Better move into the shade, because something very peculiar is happening to your focus. Besides, you are beginning to realize who you *really are*.

All these years you've been the type that could sit down in good company with a peanut-butter sandwich and a cup of tea, or a snack and a glass of wine, and be "turned on" and the life of the party. You've always enjoyed the beauties of nature without the help of any special awareness. You've always enjoyed the conversation of friends.

Now, all of a sudden you're a wise guy, full of wisecracks and what seems to you to be very clever repartee. It's obvious that you'd better keep your remarks to yourself, because these snappy comebacks to every remark made by your companions are pretty much on the smart-ass side and could hurt someone's feelings.

How you wish that you could write down every quip that comes to mind! It seems to you that you are extremely witty and that none of your thoughts should be lost to posterity.

Your daughter joins the group and you suddenly notice that she talks too much. Hmm, so you're becoming critical, too! Who are you to criticize? She probably developed the habit at her mother's knee.

Better move further into the shade. But do you dare move? Your perceptive husband may guess your secret, because you are not at all sure whether you will move sideways, backward or maybe straight up.

You finally decide to chance it, and just as you start to move your chair your daughter leans forward and makes a remark beginning

"And in the first place..." Your immediate reaction is to say, "Where *was* I in the first place?" because you have a compulsive feeling that you should have moved back to where you were in the first place. You have no idea where that was. This is a most peculiar feeling.

Now you know what the potheads mean when they say "far out." This is an apt description, and you wonder what the group would say if you did just this, like moving far out to the back garden.

It's fun to manipulate such phrases. They would be so great in your drama. How about a line like "Put it in the nick of time," or "You'll find him in the main." You could say, "Hide it in the lurch. No one will ever find it there."

It's probably just as well not to come out with these thoughts.

Time to go, and since you're stopping at the supermarket on the way home you wonder when would be a good time to break the news to your husband. Will he be mad at you for eating that whole brownie, or will he be interested in the effects as the hours go by? You are feeling so wonderful, and while you appreciate him for all his good qualities you are also aware of his complete lack of humor in new situations.

So, about the time he drives across heavy traffic and heads into the parking lot, you break the news. You start by coyly asking him if he noticed anything different about you this afternoon, and he, poor innocent, says no, he just thought you were the same as usual, happy and enjoying life, but maybe a little more so.

He's absolutely flabbergasted! He thinks he should take you straight home before you go wild and do something to disgrace him for life.

He sits in the parking lot and

breathes heavily for a while and then tells you what a damn fool you are. He's sure you can't be trusted, but you remind him that after all you kept it from him all afternoon, so that proves you can behave. Somehow, these remarks are not very comforting.

Finally he gets his strength back, and you proceed to pick up your grocery cart, and he establishes the ground rules. He seems to think that you are a four-year-old who must be instructed to hold onto the cart and not say a word or leave go or wander off or make a decision.

An old song lyric pops into your head: "Daisies won't tell." Might as well be a daisy, because that way you won't tell. So you are a daisy, very sweet and not telling, until you get to the checkout line.

There, you go into another phase, which could be called "Poor you, lucky me," or "I like myself better than anybody."

You know perfectly well that, seen in your jeans from behind, you look exactly like a big strong Percheron. However, you find yourself very conveniently forgetting this fact. You look pityingly at the woman in front of you and think beautiful catty thoughts, like: "If someone removed those well-tailored slacks and that girdle, *she* wouldn't look so trim and slim." You think how here you are wearing nice roomy baggy jeans, so much more comfortable and free. Why, if someone stripped her down, she'd be scrawny and her muscles would be completely atrophied by all that girdle wearing!

Pot is the ultimate, for sure. It has erased your big behind. You know you've been called Moose Ass and Bison Butt (behind your back, of course). But you can ignore it and enjoy your little fantasy and like yourself better than you have for years. Now *that's* pure fun.

On the way home redundancy sets in. You mention the "sunset going down" and describe a situation as happening "on the twice." "Twice" would really be enough, as you realize, but you can't seem to stop.

When you start dinner you realize that your husband has chosen all the things that call for concentration in cooking. Hah! He thinks that concentration will settle you down. How can anyone be such a spoilsport. Why settle down?

Ah, well, you are seeing your relationship very clearly. It's all a matter of playing a part in a game, and you will play his game if it will make him happy.

Later on in the evening your sons drop by. Immediately the old sibling rivalry starts up. It's making your husband miserable, but you launch into the humor bit. "Sweet Violets" and all the limericks you used to make up to that tune come to mind. Of course, this type of humor is greatly frowned upon by the younger generation. They call it "'30s humor" and they spit on it.

It seems to you that making up a limerick might ease the pain, so you sit there singing to yourself inside your head:

Remember that they are
your children
When they're 30 or more
it's a drag
But mother would druther
not suffer
Think positive, sing and
don't nag.

They probably always
will hassle
But mother is damned if
she'll flip
They're playing their game,
but she's potted
And not even giving a rip.

So this is how to be a hotshot parent in one easy lesson! You feel so on top of things that you call the

trouble starter a little snot (how awful) and use your best psychology to say, "Somebody has to be *big enough* to shut up!" The one with the short fuse shuts up, and the trouble starter and needler leave. Peace descends.

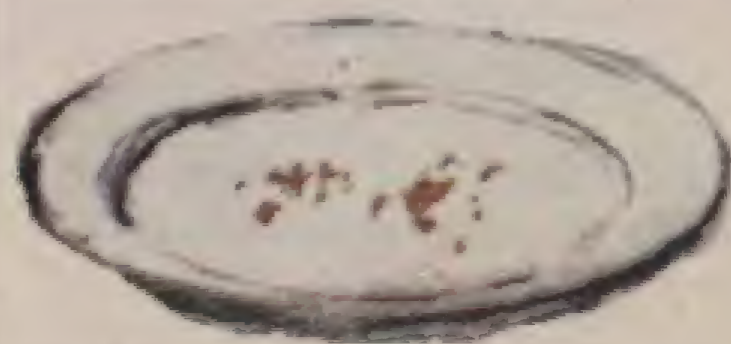
And so to bed . . .

In the morning you feel fine. No hangover but rather an analytical mood. You know that everyone is different, but for you pot is so much better than alcohol because you remember you felt silly but you weren't stupid. You have no regrets. You had a feeling of well-being from the outset, and since you kept your big mouth shut you didn't hurt anyone's feelings.

How *beamish* everything was! You must admit that things seemed to be slipping sideways and sort of out of focus, but you weren't driving and you were with your good dependable husband and among friends. That way it was a good trip. Now *there's* another very apt description. It was a trip for sure. Another expression you now understand is "high." You were. Remember "Sweet Violets"?

There is one thing that worries you a little and that's the self-revelation you experienced. You wish you didn't know how very satirical and sarcastic you can be. It isn't really funny to think of all those puns and wise remarks in response to the conversation of your friends and loved ones.

But then, you did find that you could keep it hidden and enjoy hugging it to yourself. You could take it out and put it away and you could enjoy yourself mightily. Walter Mitty isn't the only one with a "Secret Life."



“Psssst!

Dexies?

Loose joints?

’Shrooms?

Black beauties?

**We know what
you’re into.**

**Turn the page
and get off.”**



1



4



2



5



3



6



7



10



8



9



11

Wanna know
where you can
buy this stuff?
See page 103.



Make me to hear joy and gladness; that the bones which thou has broken may rejoice. —Psalm 51:8

Chapter and verse from Bob Marley witnessed by Ras Rose

CHAPTER I

PEOPLE want some change. Watch me now. You know white men administrate from the Bible. It is a devil book. It is a devil book because the white man, he administrate from this book. What is the difference when a black man administrate from this book? If he don't know the truth, it just perpetuates the same system.

2 I, a black man, say in my body I'd like a chance to get black people a little bit more opportunity. But the man never let happen. A man come and say you work for a little money and forget your political frustration. But now comes the Rasta for now and the guy can't change that. That's what we want. To tell black man of Good Book. And them gonna be Rasta. Black man.

3 What kind of change can we make in a system that follows a tradition against the black man? Can they make a president in the American society tomorrow? He'll be just like every other president. There's laws there that the president have to obey. Constitution. And he can't talk about some things and so he can't make changes.

4 I'm dealing with change and the change I'm talking about is Rastafari. Rebirth in people. Truth, you know. Christ himself told the union, "Ye shall be dreadful and tell them of me." What is happening now is capitalism and that is not Christ's name. And that is not new and neither is communism.

5 The newest thing right now for people is Rasta. If you check it, it is the most ancient. Its root is King Solomon and Queen of Sheba. Christ has returned with a new name. You couldn't expect him to come as Jesus again. He come as Rastafari. Amen. The Head Creator. Rastafari means Head Creator. Ras is Head. Tafari is Creator. Truth.

6 Ras Makonnen [Haile Selassie] can't die and never dead. Never pass on. His

Majesty! Him walk and I talk with Him when I want to. Everliving life is there for mankind.

7 This is the fool that said there is no God. God never dead! So them a double fool! Triple fool!

8 The Rastas are the true Jews. Woe be unto those who say they are Jews and are not. Seen?

9 When a Rastaman say the Word, it have power, people feel it! When the next generation gets the Word, it must be from Rasta, true Rastaman; it must not be misrepresented. I am my children's school. They will learn to communicate to Babylon, too. My children must be as smart as I and smarter. They must be taught about Rasta. What else can you teach them that's true?

CHAPTER II

THE psychology Babylon uses is to put people under pressure, but Rastas can't be moved by pressure. They have their roots in mind and their music.

2 The music internationally control no place now by itself. Russia and America is going to war, but these people keep going. And people suffer, and the president change and the people suffer still. They have the blues, no enjoy themselves. What a terrible thing, you know. No shortage of suffering, you know.

3 The problem is the law that govern the country. What kind of spirituality, what kind of suffering you go through. The answer is Rasta. A government that care for the people. There would be no suffering with them in command. But now the people can't have a chance to be themselves and they suffer for that.

4 I don't know how to live good. I only know how to suffer. Understand? Me grew in a suffering environment. So, anyway,

you see me, I suffer all the while. I don't know how to really change my life. Because, my life, I don't really take my life, that God let me live through, as a sin. To me, it's that way I must stay. That's the way He want me to stay. Me no change for a long time. So, what is big life to some people, that is not what I call life.

5 What I call life is when I wake up and survive. But about the big life, I don't know it. The ghetto dread is the ghetto. I from the ghetto in Jamaica, mon, and I never forget the ghetto.

CHAPTER III

AFRICA has progress there. They have cities there already. They are going through a period of building. So they need people to build it. Africa! What a land!

2 Common sense is the best technology. Seen? That is the Rasta contribution. The technology of going in space and all that, I don't think it do the right thing. Even the atom. Technology is not the best strategy.

3 Repatriation come from our unity. When time we unify ourselves, then we can repatriate our people in style. We have to unite. If we unite tomorrow, that one repatriation, one type. Because you repatriate from Babylon life to new life.

4 Africa is like a farm, and you leave someone to live there until you return. You no see no one in Africa. You might run into town and see plenty people, but outside, no one. No one! The truth! I was in Nigeria. It a big, big land. And there the natives run free. Black man control all the business there.

5 I plan to go next year in Senegal and some more places like Nigeria, Ghana and Liberia and if we can go where no problems. South Africa for the Liberation Army but only to help liberate. Not go just to entertain. Go entertain to liberate house of trouble.

continued

6 The African people tired of running places. When I say Africa Unite, we see an opportunity. I fret, I sorry, it weird now! Blood clot! Because a black man living in a one-room with 16 people. He has the ability to have many children, but with all that land, they live like animal. But if he try to pack up and move, someone try to kill him. And boy, where they come from, my God!

7 And the land is so big, you can't walk it in a lifetime. Yeah, you can't walk it all. And the people are wanting, the black people are wanting. So that's why I come from the West—and learned certain things to go there—to give love.

8 Unity and spiritual guidance is the goal that will overthrow Babylon and free the people. Overthrow those who can't see the people's needs. They really are in captivity, in Babylon. Only the unity strengthens.

9 Right now, you should have much more voice of the black man dealing with the African struggle. But you see, the way the media streamlines it, you don't get information of what's happening in Africa. You don't get no news about Africa. You have to demand that.

CHAPTER IV

THERE is more herb in Africa than I and I and I can smoke. There was some ganja in Nigeria, mon. Dread! That one drop—blood clot! Best herb of all!

2 Music and herb go together. It's been a long time now I smoke herb. From 1960s, when I first start singing.

3 LSD, mescaline, things like that—no with a double o. I'm an herbalist.

4 My favorite herb—lamb's bread. Kali. I like Hawaiian. But for some reason, you communicate more better with Jamaican herb. The best Jamaican herb, it have more energy, more everything to it.

5 The best herb I smoke in Jamaica and Africa. African—Rasclot! Them people cure it in a banana. In a banana skin. A green banana. They wrap it up in a banana so when you get it, it compressed and, I'll tell you, it great! Blood clot! In Nigeria and Ghana, love that herb! Good herb, mon.

CHAPTER V

I feel, as a Rasta, that reggae music, in a sense, is the potential universal music. Not merely music to dance to. If you want to dance, you can dance disco, because disco is in the speed of dancing, but if you want something of nobility, you have to listen to reggae because it have energy in it as all God make it. It make you have interest.

And you know what I think? It not gonna trick you!

2 The interest now is for the funk and the disco, which is not really black music, because it is so uncomplicated. It upset the thinking.

3 What it is, is the record companies. They don't promote reggae. It is the promotion we want. We pray so that the people can hear the truth because when they know the truth, the people be free. People want to get the truth.

4 The music business in Jamaica is revolutionary. Anyone can be a producer. You need no special qualifications. Anyone! There was a time when just three or four people was in control. Right now anyone in Jamaica can produce a record. It has opened up. There is no secret anywhere.

5 Reggae music on the radio mustn't deal as a program for people to enjoy as a musical thing. It must be educational program. That means I want to look forward to hear something interested in all mankind's struggle in life. It can't just be like, Okay, this is Bob Marley. BRRRR. Okay, this is John Holt. You have to have content in the package.

6 Peter [Tosh] sing with Mick Jagger. I don't know why. Mick not a Rasta. Would I let Mick Jagger sit in with me? I don't think so.

7 Me love all music, mon. It is a bible, mon. You learn everything in life, you see. It kind of deal with the Bible. There is certain music me no understand. There is certain music I don't think I would put it on. I don't play it but I hear it still.

8 Me get influence in music from jungle. It influence I and I. You know? Those people walk through jungle with a beat so I hear the drummer and blower [flute player] and it first influence on my reggae. It influence I and I. Drums. Then we start gettin' on some calypso, you know. I love calypso. My grandfather used to play that. Pure calypso.

CHAPTER VI

NOBODY can tell me how to fight my war. Seen? You can't trick me. Let me fight my war my way.

2 If you is with me, you is with me! If you watch them followers, they say, "Yes, me follow, me follow." Then they say, "You no want me follow you." Blood clot! Let us catch them again.

3 Jah shall record man's judgment. Not one shall escape. It true. But, you know, all them do it, all them do it, but them do something good, because I like that. Me

really love it when them say, "Boy Kaya boy boy Kaya Bob Kaya boy Kaya Bob, me no like Kaya so far Bob, no like Kaya here so far, it not really more stronger now." Me say yes. It not stronger now.

4 If they shot me and killed me, what a Rasclot you carried me. If me get too strong, I say if me get strong, me want action. And then they'll fire a shot and kill me.

5 What's important is to get the timing right. Cause, mon, my people in Jamaica is not at ease, so me no at ease nowhere. But, when they are at ease, then fuck, who wants war. Then we want power inside!

6 Some complain my album *Kaya* too soft, not radical enough. But, I love *Kaya*, because it make them listen, interested, you know. And I love them for that. Jah know me love them. Yes! Them people are interested in this thing. They didn't see clearly. Them say, "No, Bob, no Rasclot soft tunes. Stay tough." Them said that, but, you see, them still side on my life. I see that. But at the same time, I protect my being. They who are to live forever shall live where they shall fear no evil.

7 Them lick Marcus Garvey, them lick Malcolm X, them lick Luther King, them lick, them even try to lick His Majesty! During the *Kaya* time. Understand? During *Kaya* time. International germs! A Ras Dread conspiracy! To execute living saints. Yeah, mon.

8 So you have to take a time to cool out. Yes, to cool it a little bit. And you know what threw me too? The material was the thing I wanted. Clear-cut words. A thing to go on, you know.

9 I say, smoke herb—"kaya." Same thing. Because too much thing go on. I always take it easy but most of the people worried.

10 You don't need me to come tell you no more thing. They need to think now. *Kaya* tell you of His Majesty and to look now! Look for yourself! Meditate. Take heed. And deal with this positive vibration.

11 What I would like to see happen is happening. Seen? More people overstand the message.

Praise Jah.



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Steroid Madness: Drugs and the Olympics by Bill Starr.



Americans, like people everywhere, hold a very special place in their hearts for sports heroes. Sports idolatry can be merely astonishing, as evidenced by the plumber's apprentice who can give you the bout-by-bout career stats of every middleweight boxer since 1938 or the ghetto junkie who has an eidetic capacity for the ERA percentages of every major-league relief pitcher since Abner Doubleday invented the game. Sports idolatry can be grand and mythic and unchallengeable, as were the '69 Mets and the '69 Jets. Or it can be horridly pathetic, as when, last winter, an ailing America accorded the Lake Placid hockey team more ticker tape and presidential handshakes than the first men back from the moon.

Americans particularly honor their seasonal champions from the World Series, Super Bowl and NAAs with an unerring and unvarying devotion, and none hold higher esteem than the Olympic champions of any sport. Since this particular orgy of adulation occurs but once every four years, that precious piece of gold is cherished.

But beneath the glitter, the interviews, the commercials and the publicity hype lies a world that most fans feel should be kept secret. The sports hero is sacred, and most people would rather not read or hear anything negative concerning a deified athlete. The fan doesn't want to be reminded of Lance Rentzel's psychosexual difficulties, or know about Jim Brown throwing ladies through windows, and he certainly does not want to know that there are actually unabashed homosexuals in the professional sports world.

Most assuredly, the fan does not want to hear that the sacred *amateur* ranks have ever used drugs to enhance athletic performance. But drugs have become an integral part of amateur sports. Knowing what drugs to use, when to use them and in what amounts, is as important to many athletes as proper technique and systematic training schedules.

In a recent interview, the secretary of the International Olympic Committee, Monique Beliou, was asked what the committee's greatest challenges for the '80s were. She replied, "The growing influence of politics in sports and the manipulation of athletes with drugs and the fabrication of an artificial human being."

To add substance to their concerns, Olympic officials last year allocated \$1.4 million for drug testing at the Winter Games in Lake Placid. A full staff, headed by Dr. Robert Dugall, checked all athletes to make certain they were of the sex they purported to be and also tested them for drug use.

Is the problem really this severe? Let's consider some recent events in amateur sports, which are of course our Olympic sports.

- In November 1979, the International Amateur Athletic Federation banned seven women—three Rumanians, two Bulgarians and two Soviets—from track-and-field competition for life for taking steroids. Those suspended were a long jumper, a hurdler, two discus throwers and three outstanding middle-distance runners. The runners were Bulgaria's Totka Petrova, the World Cup champion

in the 1,500 meter; Rumania's Natalia Marasescu, the world-record holder in the mile, and Ileana Silai, the world's third-ranked 1,500-meter runner, behind Petrova and Marasescu.

- At the 1976 Summer Olympics in Montreal, three athletes were disqualified for steroid usage: weight lifter Mark Cameron of the USA; Peter Pavlasek, a Czech superheavyweight lifter, and Danuta Eosuni, a female Polish discus thrower. Ten weeks later, tests concluded that five more weight lifters had been guilty of using anabolic steroids: Valentin Khristov and Blagoi Blagoev of Bulgaria; Zbigniew Kaczmarek of Poland; Arne Norback of Sweden, and Phil Grippaldi of the USA.

- On the same day that Mark Spitz won his seventh gold medal in Munich, swimmer Rick DeMont, a 16-year-old high-school student from San Rafael, California, was stripped of the gold medal he won in the 400-meter freestyle. A postgame urinalysis revealed traces of ephedrine (an antihistamine with speedy side effects, legal at Rexall's but not at the Olympics) in his system. DeMont had been taking the drug for an asthmatic condition.

- The first death attributed to drugs in the Olympic Games dates back to 1960 in Rome. Seven miles from the finish of the 100-kilometer cycling trails, two Danish riders collapsed. One of them, Knut Jensen, 23 years old, died later in a hospital; the coroner first called the cause of death apparent sunstroke, from the fierce heat. But Italian police revealed later that Jensen's death was from an overdose of Ronicol,



a blood-circulation stimulant.

A bit of past history: Guess when the first episode of doping occurred in the Olympics. The '40s maybe? Perhaps as early as the carefree '20s? Not even close. One has to trace the Games back to 1904 in St. Louis to cover that event. Thomas Hicks of the USA was declared the winner of the prestigious marathon, but his victory is, at best, clouded. With seven miles to go in the race, Hicks became exhausted and threatened to withdraw. But his coaches quickly changed that. They were alleged to have given him strychnine in order to dull his pain enough to conclude the race. He still got his medal, because there were no rules against doping.

Strychnine was used during the marathon once again in the 1908 Games in London. If it worked for Hicks, then why not for Dorando Pietri, a confectioner from Capri, Italy? The runner, daunted by the unusual heat as much as the distance, began falling by the wayside. He was administered a shot of strychnine. Although he was the first to enter the stadium, he was totally without control of his body. He ran in the wrong direction and collapsed. Officials helped him to his feet and literally dragged him across the finish line. He was taken to the hospital unconscious but came out of the ordeal okay. He was disqualified, of course—not for the strychnine, however, but for the assistance he received from the officials.

So it is evident that drug usage by Olympic athletes is not a new phenomenon. What is rather recent, however, is the large-scale usage by both

male and female athletes of certain specific drugs. Most predominant is the use of anabolic steroids, tissue-building agents chemically identical to natural body hormones. These drugs enable athletes to enlarge their muscle tissue and to build it faster, thus enabling them to become stronger more rapidly.

Anabolic-androgenic steroids are synthetic derivatives of testosterone, the male sex hormone. Testosterone is produced by both males and females in varying degrees by several glands and organs in the body. The male, naturally, produces the greater amount. The steroids are, in essence, nitrogen-retention agents. Muscles are made primarily of nitrogen, so the drugs enable the muscle tissue to develop more rapidly.

Testosteronelike steroids have two primary properties, the first being anabolism, which accelerates and increases muscle building. As the size of the muscle increases, so does strength; and this, of course, is the desired effect.

But the steroids also have an androgenic property, which is not generally so desirable. The androgenic property of the drug leads to development of secondary male characteristics in females, which may include growth of facial and body hair, deepening of the voice, menstrual irregularities and possible impairment of reproductive capacity.

Negative side effects for both sexes include liver and kidney disorders; men may also experience prostate difficulties. Anabolic steroids can have particularly serious complications for young athletes

who are still growing, because they can interfere with sexual development and long bone growth.

These drugs were originally developed to speed recovery from serious illnesses. Mononucleosis patients, burn victims and the bedridden are given steroids to help them gain weight and strength.

There is a wide range of choice of drugs for the athlete who decides to utilize the steroids, and many pharmaceutical companies manufacture them. The most common oral anabolic steroid is Dianabol, produced by CIBA. There is also Winstrol (Winthrop), Anavar (Searle) and others. These are taken orally in dosages ranging from 5 milligrams per day to the radical extreme of over 100 milligrams per day. Then there are those who prefer the injectable form of anabolics. Reportedly, the injectable method is less harmful to the liver and a cubic-centimeter injection will last for one to two weeks. Depo-testosterone (Upjohn) and Durabolin (Organon) lead the list of favorite injectables.

Some athletes utilize both the pills and the injections simultaneously, and the combined intake staggers the imagination.

Athletes, like everyone else, tend to get their dope from miscellaneous sources. Some simply secure it through their family physician, or, in some instances, their team doctor. Others tap any medical authority who can legally write a scrip. Ophthalmologists, dermatologists and even pediatricians get in the act.

While some doctors strictly condemn steroid usage, there are those who take



full advantage of the athletes. There is one doctor in the Washington, D.C., area who lets it be known that he will supply you with anabolics but only after a blood test and urinalysis in his office. The tab on that first visit is \$75, and each successive visit to fill the scrip is \$20. In every town I've lived in, there is a local drug doctor, who can be easily found by chatting with local athletes.

The majority of the anabolics are not obtained through legal prescriptions, however, but through black-market channels. In the late '60s an athlete could buy Dianabol tabs for \$12 to \$15 per hundred from fellow athletes. The asking price today is \$40 per hundred, and there is a ready market for all you can supply.

The vast majority of the black-market anabolics comes out of southern California and Texas via Mexico. One does not need a scrip for steroids in Mexico (or nearly any other foreign country), so a quick trip across the border can net a very healthy profit with fairly minimal risk. Steroid smugglers don't catch heat.

While I was at the '68 Olympics in Mexico City, there was a well-worn trail between Olympic Village and the many local pharmacies. One USA weight lifter decided to stock up while at the Games and bought over \$200 worth of anabolics. At least he *thought* he bought anabolics. Upon returning home, a friend who could read Spanish informed him that he had just invested in birth-control pills.

The introduction of anabolic steroids into the sports community can be traced to experiments performed by Dr. John

Zeigler of Olney, Maryland, in the early '60s. Dr. Zeigler, a research scientist intrigued with the factor of strength, did the first experiments with anabolic steroids on athletes.

His first two test subjects were competitive weight lifters, naturally, and the results were sensational. Both went on to set world records, and both were members of the 1964 Olympic team. Doc Zeigler's experiments were kept a closely guarded secret, and for good reason: They gave the U.S. a tremendous edge over international opponents.

Word of the "magic pink pills" (Dianabol being pink rather than its later blue in the early '60s) slowly filtered throughout the weight rooms of the country and was eventually picked up by other athletes who also lifted weights. Shot-putters, discus throwers and hammer throwers saw the potential for their respective sports and quickly incorporated steroids into their programs. In time, every athletic category got deeply into anabolics.

Doc Zeigler was also, by the way, the first medical authority to condemn the overdosing practices of the athletes. His warning has generally fallen on deaf ears—once the athlete experiences the quick and relatively easy strength gains, there is little turning back.

Are steroids the only pharmaceutical fly in the magic ointment of the amateur athlete? Not by a long shot put. While the anabolics are the drug most frequently used by athletes, many have come to rely on a wide range of supplementary chemicals.

Amphetamines, for example, elevate an athlete's overall mental outlook and increase pulse rate and body temperature; and many find that speed gives them the energy boost they need to perform at their highest level. Ritalin and Dexedrine are two of the most popular speed brands in amateur athletics. (The pros do crystal meth.)

I served as assistant coach for the 1970 World Weight-Lifting Team, which competed in Columbus, Ohio, the first world meet in which strict drug testing was imposed. Eight of the nine medal winners were found guilty of amphetamine doping, and they were disqualified. Those who got through clean may have switched to a type of upper that was not being detected in the urinalysis.

Barbiturates, curiously, often find a place in the athletes' precontest schedule. They use them the night before a competition to ensure adequate rest.

Painkillers are often included in an athlete's gym bag. Drugs such as butazolidin are utilized not only for the competition itself but also to enable the athlete to continue to train while injured—an absolute necessity for anyone preparing for Olympic-level competition.

Chuck DeBus, coach of the 1979 national AAU and AIAW championship track and field teams, estimates that 70 percent of all top-ranked U.S. track athletes, men and women, use steroids. Al Cantello, track coach at the Naval Academy, is not so conservative in his figures: "Every topflight track man in the U.S. takes steroids."



One of the more startling aspects of drug usage by athletes is the number of females who indulge in steroids to benefit their overall performance. In an interview with the *Washington Post*, former UCLA track coach Pat Connolly said, "The use of steroids does—I hate to say this, but it's true—make freaks out of women . . . We don't even have any idea of how well we can do some things, because we haven't been trying very long."

As a former coach on international weight-lifting teams, I can add that I believe 95 percent of our Olympic weight lifters take steroids. I also firmly believe that all the top-level performers in the sport, from whatever country, also take them. Only the uninformed lifters do not do so, and none of them will be on the victory podium.

I quizzed a member of our last Olympic team on why he used steroids. He replied, "Actually, I'd rather not take them. They are very hard to get, and the cost is getting unreal. I always seem to be in a foul mood when I'm on them. The testing procedures are making it almost impossible to get around [detection] anymore, and I'm concerned about my long-term health. But I also know positively that I do not stand a chance, either nationally or internationally, without them."

Why have drugs filtered into the hallowed halls of amateur athletics? Winners of Olympic gold seldom reap much more than momentary recognition for their efforts. Very few get coaching jobs as a result of their achievements, and fewer still get commercial endorsements.

America is not the USSR. There are no long-term professional appointments waiting at the end of the amateur-athletics rainbow. In the Soviet Union, an athlete who achieves the rank of Master of Sport (an Olympic champion gains this rank automatically) receives a lifetime job pension in some capacity with the state.

A Soviet athlete is automatically rewarded with a sizable bonus when a world record is broken. Consider the position of Vasily Alexeyev, the reigning Olympic superheavyweight champion in weight lifting, who gets \$600 a month from the state as a mining engineer, though he hasn't been near a mine since he won his first world title in 1970. In addition, he is paid \$500 a month for being a member of the Soviet Olympic team. A doctor or teacher in the Soviet Union, in contrast, draws \$185 a month.

Every time Alexeyev breaks a world mark, he receives \$700. This amount was reduced from \$1,500 after he got greedy and broke seven records in one evening. Vasily Alexeyev has set 80 world records in his career, and his two Olympic gold medals are worth \$8,000 each. He is also provided a fine car, a spacious house in Ryazan in the lovely Volga valley southeast of Moscow and a summer dascha.

There are no such benefits for American amateur athletes. So why do our men and women strive just as hard as the Soviets, and do at *least* as much dope, to reach the top of their sport? Is it for the love of the USA? Perhaps it is for the true spirit of amateur sports? No, I believe that the motivation stems from the fact that sports heroes become gods, in their

own minds and in the minds of millions, at least briefly. The vision of standing on that top pedestal of their chosen endeavor, watching with tear-filled eyes as the Stars and Stripes are lifted and "The Star-Spangled Banner" plays, is like a shot of 86.8 percent-pure cocaine for any well-motivated young athlete. For that brief Promethean instant, you are on the same level as the immortals: Babe Ruth, Red Grange, Mark Spitz, Eric Heiden . . . maybe even Apollo himself.

The U.S. Olympic Committee estimates that there are approximately 250,000 Americans currently training for a shot at the next Olympic team. The Olympic Committee is greatly concerned with fund raising and, therefore, public image. It brings in \$43 million from private contributions every four years, which makes for very big bucks. NBC won the bidding for the 1980 Moscow Games over CBS and ABC with a whopping \$80-million bid. Before Afghanistan, the network calculated to get its investment back in spades, selling advertising time at somewhere around \$150,000 a minute.

The contemporary athlete is considerably bigger, faster and stronger than his predecessors. In track, finishing times that won medals in the '50s would not even allow the same athlete to qualify for the trials today. Additionally, the international sports scene is entwined with even more competitive politics.

We can expect to see more scientific testing of our amateur athletes, following the lead of the eastern European countries. Tougher training regimes will

continued on page 104

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Sounds.

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Empty Glass
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Get Happy!
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Townshend and Costello are the respective gurus of the so-called old and new wave, and both of these albums are an out-and-out condemnation of the phony polarization that has surrounded them. For Townshend, *Empty Glass* isn't so much a self-defense against the attacks of punks and new wavers who are against the old guard. It's a counterattack accusing *them* of the same hypocrisy they think he's guilty of, but without any of love's saving grace. For Costello it's a frank admission that confrontation tactics have made him lose sight of music's greatest good, the ability to inspire, to raise broken spirits once again, to get happy! It's funny that this, the simplest and truest of rock's messages, has been lost in the negativity for art's sake of the new wave.

Townshend's been waging this fight for a couple of years now. At a time when he himself was wondering in print and in the songs of *Who By Numbers* whether his heart was totally in rock 'n' roll despite advancing (read: over 30) age, he obviously



Lynn Goldsmith

Townshend talks tough . . .

resented the kids who were yelling for him to get out of the way when all they could come up with was a rehash of the music he'd championed almost 15 years previously. By the time of *Who Are You* he'd started to take on his younger rivals directly, challenging them to come up with something new or leave him alone. Keith Moon's death pushed him even further and he took a revived Who back to the stage with a vengeance. Now he's vital again and Townshend blasts his way through the critics with this album.

Through his songwriting for the Who and his solo albums, *Who Came First* and *Rough Mix*, Townshend has always been able to pinpoint his aspirations and disappointments precisely, reflecting a complex nature in song with rare acuity. Where many rock writers assumed a mantle of devotional interest which they simply tacked onto their personas like a mask, using the same song structures but just changing the lyrics, Townshend's devotional interest in Meher Baba has always been hard to identify, because it's integrated into the rest of his complex life. He writes about playing and listening to rock 'n' roll, reacting to his fans, critics, fellow band members and family, getting drunk and worshiping all at the same time. In fact, if you look closely at Townshend's dozens of love



Merry Alperin/Lynn Goldsmith Inc.

. . . Costello comes clean.

songs over the years, it's often difficult to determine whether he's talking about a girl, a god, or his audience.

Here Townshend has woven all the elements of his life more tightly than ever. His attitude toward rock 'n' roll is stated as brilliantly as on the painful *Who By Numbers*. His devotion to Meher Baba's principles is as all-encompassing as on *Who Came First*, and is now even more powerful for its subtle suffusion into everything Townshend writes about. Two songs—"Tough Kids" and "Jools and Jim"—contain an update of Townshend's *Who Are You* message to the punks and the rest of his audience. "Tough Kids," the opening track, sets the tone. Kicked off by a brash guitar chord pattern and lush synthesizer program, the song shows Townshend trying to figure out his relation to these young turks: "Gonna get inside your bitter mind/I wanna see what I can find." Townshend's fascination with these kids becomes a black comedy about his place in their world, saved only by his ability to love them for what they are:

Rough boys, don't walk away, I wanna
 buy you leather,
 Make noise, try and talk me away, we
 can't be seen together.
 Tough kids, what can I do? I'm so pale
 and meaty.
 Rough mix, In my hush puppy shoes,
 Down here bleeding . . .

These powerful lines, delivered in slashing staccato to match Townshend's fiery guitar chords (whatta *Who* song), evoke a familiarity that quickly becomes that shock of recognition so much of Townshend's writing turns on as his songs build up elaborate cross references to each other. This could be *Quadrophenia* as Townshend, the skinny mod with his hush puppy shoes and scooter, is smacked over by leather-clad rockers on their Harley choppers. It's a characteristic Townshend insight to identify the seeds of an almost 20-year-old conflict in a current trend. If you don't think the new wave resembles the mod/rocker wars, consider the difference between the Police and the Clash.

The Clash and other leather Marxists take their lumps in "Jools and Jim" (pun certainly intended), which is frightening in its anger and could well become one of Townshend's most powerful songs. The rage is directed at punk political philosophers in Britain who've condemned the Who. "They don't give a shit that Moonie's dead!" spits Townshend before admonishing, "Morality ain't measured in a room you wrecked." Even here he concludes that there is room for love and offers to share a glass of wine with his critics.

"Jools and Jim" is a direct reply to the punk-rock manifesto, *The Boy Looked At Johnny*, but there's far more here than a mere retort to the Sex Pistols and Clash, bands that owe an obvious debt to Townshend in the first place. The point is that Townshend's need to rock goes past politics—it's an end in itself ("pick up my guitar and play/just like yesterday") and he resents being told how and why he should do it.

Townshend's devotional *Who Came First* side is covered in the song-set of "Animal," "And I Moved" and "Let My Love Open the Door," once again featuring the sequence rhythm synthesizer tracks that have been a musical trademark since *Who's Next*. The additional keyboard work provided by John "Rabbit" Bundrick, Townshend's newest *Who* sidekick, is certainly Rabbit's best moment on record. "Keep On Working" and "Empty Glass" are progress reports on Townshend's own state of mind. The latter is a tremendous *Who's Next*-style set piece with a raging mad backing track and some of Townshend's fierce guitar playing contrasted with a pensive bridge that laments: "My life's a mess I wait for you to pass/I stand here at the bar I hold an empty glass." Townshend

breaks the mood with a guitar solo that will stand with his best and finally resolves to "take the wine and shout."

On *Get Happy!!* Costello finds himself in a similar position to Townshend but the squeeze is coming from the other side. Clearly the guy feels trapped by the "angry young man" image that his polemic coterie of critics and fans have painted him into a corner with. Perhaps he finally realized these were the kind of people he was fighting in the first place. It took a punch in the nose from Bonnie Bramlett during the infamous "Ray Charles is just a blind nigger" fight to bring this home, but Costello's change in heart was apparent by the *Armed Forces* finale, Nick Lowe's "What's So Funny About Peace Love and Understanding?"

Costello watchers are so confused by this beautiful new record that they've read it as merely a dead-end collection of love songs, a holding pattern until Elvis can come up with more revolutionary material. Meanwhile they ignore the record's most important statement, "The Imposter," wherein E.C. tells his little club that the joke's been on them:

Try to be too bad
Try to talk too tough
Try to jack the lad
Think you've had enough?
I just don't know how you can't see that
he is only the Imposter"

This "double vision" gent could be no one but Costello himself, and the point is hardly to make some kind of Woody Allen movie about his love life. The key to *Get Happy!!* is right out in the open—it's a celebration of life, of music's liberating power, and Costello and the Attractions whip through the 20 melodic gems here with real bloodlust. Costello has never sung this well and his band cuts such a clean, swinging groove that they end up sounding like nothing so much as Booker T. and the MGs. It's a soul revival from Sam & Dave's "I Can't Stand Up For Falling Down" to the "Can't Help Myself" twist of "High Fidelity," the "I Heard It Through the Grapevine" roots of "Secondary Modern" and finally the great recasting of Booker T.'s "Time Is Tight," here called "Temptation."

It's funny to think of Townshend's old explanation of his frustrated attempts to play like Steve Cropper when Costello, a pretty limited player, is doing exactly that.

— John Swenson

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Motors are running hot.

The Motors
Tenement Steps
Virgin VA 13139

Ex-Ducks DeLuxe Andy McMaster and Nick Garvey breathed fresh air into the poseurs scene that punk rock had become by 1977 with the emergence of their new raw rock band, the Motors. Off their first album, *Motors I*, "Dancing the Night Away" proved that straight hard-line r 'n' r was no anachronism. It was as though the traditional form of heavy-rocking melodiousness pioneered by Phil Spector and mastered by the Who and the Move had a new torchbearer stormtrooping late into the '70s.

After their second, *Approved by the Motors*, guitarist Bram Tchaikovsky split to go solo, produced by Garvey. This effort plus McMaster's dedication to reclusive writing took up most of their last two years. Corraling a new rhythm section from ex-Man and Rockpile members, Garvey and McMaster set about recording *Tenement Steps* in late 1979. With master producer Jimmy Iovine, a Spector student from the word go (he produced Springsteen), they have waxed one of the densest sets of brontosauric lyricism since the Move's *Shazam*.

The plaintive title track written by

McMaster evokes the haunting memory of his less-than-regal Glaswegian upbringing. During the course of this romantic epic replete with a staggeringly swinging 5/4 symphonic chorus straight out of Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue," *Tenement Steps*'s protagonist takes a hatchet to his nemesis, scarring the poor bastard mercilessly for life.

On "Nightmare Zero," "the reds are a-comin'/And they're looking for you to blast." On top of some furious rocket rhythm, McMaster finds amorous reprieve in his girl, "pretty baby walkin', pretty baby talkin'/Soon she'll be pretty dead." The resignation of "Love and Loneliness," McMaster's firebrand synthesizer spearheading this threatening bulldozer of a Spectorish melodrama, recalls thematically the true grit of Pete Townshend's "Substitute" with power strokes to match.

Yet the Motors are not without a (albeit sardonic) sense of humor. With a fill lifted from "All Day and All of the Night," Nick Garvey introduces us to his "Modern Man" who "knows his positions/He says he's hip/To a non-possessive relationship."

There is as much Ray Davies as there is Townshend here, enunciated with an urgency befitting the Motors' obsession with rock 'n' roll apocalypse risen from the ashes of urban decay.

—Lotta D. Blooz

Jerry Lee Lewis
When Two Worlds Collide
Elektra 6E-254

Before moving to Elektra on the album before this, Jerry Lee's records had been generally lackluster, which was strange, because his live music was and is the opposite—Jerry Lee kicking ass all over the stage with the same band, basically, he's had for decades. This is really terrific when you consider that a number of greats from Jerry Lee's era just use pickup bands on their live gigs.

My preconceptions gave me a little trouble with this record. His last one, *Jerry Lee Lewis*, was firmly planted in the rock 'n' roll groove he dug so fine back in the late '50s. Pure rock 'n' roll, and for the first time in years on a Jerry Lee record—Praise glory! No strings! I expected *When Two Worlds Collide* to be more of the same. It's not. Defame glory! The strings are back, although, thankfully, not on the cuts where they would be completely incompatible. I've listened to the record again and again. Each time



The Meat Man rocks on.

one more song gets to me until, by about the tenth time, each cut has won me over. This record is a honky-tonker, not a rocker.

There are two rockers here. One, rarity of rarities, is a Jerry Lee original called "Rockin' Jerry Lee." The other is a neat boogie jumper called "Good News Travels Fast." Then there are the three oldies. I mean oldies, two of them, "Alabama Jubilee" and "Toot, Toot, Tootsie Goodbye" are older than Jerry himself, and the third, "I Only Want a Buddy, Not a Sweetheart," is about the same age. Jerry Lee sure does up the old tunes in fine style. I wouldn't mind a couple albums of him doing up tin pan alley classics.

The remaining five cuts are slowish honky-tonkers, and they're so good I'm getting to not mind the strings. Not too much, anyway. And Lord, how the Killer can sing. He makes each word seem inevitable. The voice of country past, present and future. He has his peers—he's only human—but in the world of honky-tonkin' no one surpasses him.

—Peter Stampfel

Public Image Ltd.
Second Edition
Island 2WX 3288

What's a Public Image Ltd.?

The band is built around vocalist John Lydon (ex Johnny Rotten of the Sex Pistols), guitarist Keith Levene and bassist Jah Wobble. Several drummers have come and gone, but these credits also list Dave Crowe and Jeannette Lee. Crowe is probably the drummer; Lee, who does PiL's sound, is probably the keyboard player.

And what do they sound like?

If you were to go out dancing in quicksand, *Second Edition* is what you'd want the deejay to play. First and foremost, as in Jamaican dub, is the bass—but this doesn't sound like white dub so much as it sounds like music cooked up by people who listen to a lot of dub. Wobble's bass meshes with the drums to produce an undeniably danceable funk/disco beat that would seem to be at odds with the rest of the sound, but isn't. On the instrumental "Socialist," bass and drums take the lead, with guitar and keyboards playing fills. The organ and synthesizer are positively Gothic, while Levene usually plays simple, repetitive lines that begin and end on the same phrase. But he's also mastered the grinding distorted guitar pioneered by Lou Reed in his Velvet Underground days.

But Lydon cites Irish folk music, not reggae, as the band's main influence. Were it not for the crisp syncopation, most of these songs would sound like dirges, with vocals coming from a raging ghost. Still, this is a band of surprises: For all the emphasis on bass and drums, it's Levene's piercing guitar that carries "Graveyard." "Chant" starts in a frenzy and builds to a maelstrom, while the keyboard instrumental "Radio 4" provides a stately, semiclassical coda.

So what are these songs about?

Second Edition is about the stifling quality of life, particularly pop life, in England today. "Albatross" ("I know you very well/You are unbearable/I see you far too close") seems to finger Malcolm McLaren, the Svengali who orchestrated the rise and fall of the Sex Pistols and who is still the only person to have profited from that experience. "Memories" castigates the nostalgia that has led to the mod revival, the ska revival and every other kind of revival in England, as well as to the regressive "power pop" here that has resulted in groups like the Knack (Beatle haircuts, skinny



Katie Simon

This Johnny ain't Rotten.



Susan Phillips/Lynn Goldsmith, Inc.

Bad night for werewolves.

ties and all). But Lydon also seems to be talking about Johnny Rotten here, for he's far too perceptive not to recognize his own complicity.

"Careering" uses the startling image of "A face is raining/Across the border" to describe the conflagrations in Ireland. "Swan Lake" rants at the current equivalent to the pod people of *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*, those who have blunted pain by blunting all emotion. "The Suit" singles out self-defeating conformity, while "No Birds" is about the kind of antiseptic, picture-postcard environments such people long for. "Bad Baby" mocks apathy.

Uh, do you think you could summarize?

Second Edition is not like anything else around today, and those who want a reprise of the Sex Pistols are in for a huge disappointment. A while back, Johnny Rotten played Paul Revere, and for his troubles, he got to be that year's model. John Lydon is staying right out there on the edge and yelling into the void, more aware than ever of just how deep and dreadful that void is. He's not about to

be suckered like he was last time because he now realizes that the void is nothing nebulous, but is too often you and me and him as well.

This music is too fully realized to be described as "experimental," and while some have suggested that it will be the sound of the '80s, I doubt it. For one thing, few are prepared to take a leap like this, and fewer still have the vision or ingenuity to pull it off. This pained music may initially sound ugly or mean, but it is ultimately liberating. It may drive you up the wall, but that's what it wants to do. After that, you're on your own.

— John Morthland

**Warren Zevon
Bad Luck Streak in Dancing School
Asylum SE-509**

I was giving a lecture on *Huck Finn* when I heard that Heinz Linge, Hitler's butler, had died. Linge had made a living selling personal anecdotes after his release from a prisoner-of-war camp in 1955.

Later, while listening to *Bad Luck Streak in Dancing School*, it struck

me that the ghosts of both Huck Finn and Heinz Linge must reside in Warren Zevon, who has been creating the stinging anecdotes in his songs by combining the straightforward narrative style of the former with the war mentality of the latter.

Zevon has, in fact, built a reputation by exploiting the relationship between violence and music. Throughout his four albums, Zevon has drawn his lyric techniques from a long line of American fiction writers such as Mark Twain, Stephen Crane and F. Scott Fitzgerald, right up to mystery writers Raymond Chandler and Ross MacDonald (although Zevon co-wrote songs on *Bad Luck Streak* with Bruce Springsteen, Jorge Calderon and T-Bone Burnett). Zevon sticks close to his contemporary musical influences by including a number of his L.A. cohorts on *Bad Luck Streak*, such as Jackson Browne (who produced *Warren Zevon* and coproduced *Excitable Boy* with guitarist Waddy Wachtel; *Bad Luck Streak* was coproduced by Zevon and engineer Greg Ladanyi), David Lindley (whose eerie, piercing lap steel guitar sets the pace for the title cut and "Play It All Night Long"), Linda Ronstadt (who's recorded several Zevon songs), Glenn Frey, Don Henley and J.D. Souther (who provide background vocals) and Joe Walsh (whose lead guitar on "Jungle Work" pours the song into the mold of the Eagles' "The Disco Strangler" and "Those Shoes"). Zevon himself sometimes plays piano synthesizer as if he were mashing grapes with his fingers (he once wrote commercials for Ernest and Julio Gallo), yet deftly handles the string parts on several orchestral interludes that serve as a tribute to his childhood idol and acquaintance, Igor Stravinsky (who had a good luck streak in dancing school by establishing himself as a composer of ballet scores).

Zevon's moods are diverse on *Bad Luck Streak* as he jumps from the playful flirtation of "A Certain Girl" to a daring stab at Karla Bonoff/J.D. Souther L.A. angst on "Empty-Handed Heart." He even translates his two years as pianist/bandleader for the Everly Brothers into "Bed of Coals," his version of their classic "Crying in the Rain" sentiment. But Zevon's real genius is that he never lets us forget that we must deal with our personal holocausts head on. Could that be Hitler's final screams we hear at the end of *Bad Luck Streak's* closing tune, "Wild Age"?

— Stan Soocher

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HT

Death Stalks the Prairie

continued from page 49

"Elsberry," the legend on the shirt says, "Mutilated Cow Country." Elsberryites wear it with the odd pride any small town feels about whatever makes it special.

The events of 1978 were very special indeed. They seemed to center around a Union Electric microwave tower in the hills west of town. There, a series of mutilated cows was discovered on mornings after spectacular displays of "pulsating lights" had been observed.

On June 8, farmer Forrest Gladney lost a black Angus heifer; the dead cow was missing an ear, an eye, tongue, udder and reproductive organs. The next night the sky over the Gladney farm was filled with silent craft whose orange pulsing lights left Gladney with the impression they were giving each other signals.

On June 13, Terry Pieper of Elsberry watched three UFOs that looked like "glow-in-the-dark Frisbees" hovering over his neighbor Clete Parr's farm. The same night, one of Parr's cows was mutilated.

On June 17, Gary Hagemeyer lost his gentle brood cow, Old Blue Eyes, and her newborn calf to the mutilators; in the night, Hagemeyer's stepson had seen a "red-orange light" circling the farm.

Perhaps the most exciting night of Elsberry's summerlong extravaganza came on June 18, a Sunday, when the aerial displays were good enough to keep the local movie house empty. Colored UFOs and glowing triangles flashed and floated across the Elsberry sky.

In the ensuing weeks the nocturnal light shows—and mutilations—continued to dazzle, puzzle and horrify the people of Elsberry (and also the people who flocked into Elsberry by the hundreds from nearby towns).

But UFOs and cow carvings weren't the only weird phenomena the Elsberryites had to deal with. Consider this sequence. June 21: Five bright objects cruise at treetop level over a hay-baling crew outside town. A mute is found on the same site three days later. June 22: A ring of "silverish blue-black sooty substance" turns up on the front lawn of the nearby Gladney farm. June 28: A "four-to-five-foot-tall hairy monkey" is seen picking through the rubbish in the town dump. Flying saucers, mutes, space soot, Bigfoot—what more could a citizen of the Show-Me State ask for?

The events in Elsberry came to a gory

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close on August 8, when farmer Sam DiBartolo found his bull calf badly mutilated. The previous night, a neighbor, Mrs. Fae Cox, had seen the lights on the local microwave tower go out—as she'd seen happen on each night of previous UFO activity. That night, said Mrs. Cox, a "flying cross" with red lights, and neither propeller nor tail, had buzzed her property.

The complex phenomena of cattle mutilations are impossible to sort out logically. Who or what is doing it, and why? Maybe we'll never know. The finger of suspicion keeps moving. The summer of 1978 marked the crest of a mute wave in the state of Arkansas, where mescaline and PCP found in the carcasses of mutilated livestock, and "altars" discovered near the mutilation sites, have given new life to the old cultist theory.

According to one lawman, a cult of witches was involved. The cultists first injected the cows with hallucinogens, then drained the blood and drank it. The witches would "trip out" on the brew.

Everybody has his own theory. The cattlemen's associations will tell you it's predators. Ed Sanders will tell you it's the CIA, checking the effects of military weapons and spilled nerve gas. Paranoid Southwesterners will tell you it's the oil and uranium companies, conducting geobotanical exploration. Folks in Arkansas will tell you it's all being done by weirdos from some crazy religious cult. Independent research groups will tell you it's people from outer space, monitoring the environment or running genetic experiments, or that it's all just another inexplicable manifestation of the collective unconscious, or...

Nobody really knows. At least nobody's bringing in any red-handed mutilators. Could it be that even our most fearless agents of justice are a little hesitant to track this particular culprit? As a state police investigator caught in the middle of the Arkansas mute wave said recently, "Oh, sure, I'd like to catch 'em... [pause]... I think."

Readers with pertinent additional information are requested to contact:

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THE DILANES

Feds Drop Hatchet on Mohawk Nation



by Robert de Marrals

If the '70s were the '50s with more ease, in what way will the '80s recapitulate the '60s? An advance sign of what may well be coming appeared in the form of concerted protests by an ethnic minority at the recent Lake Placid Winter Olympics.

Situated in the state with the second-highest density of nuclear power plants per square mile and per capita in the country—Illinois is highest—Lake Placid, New York, is part of the traditional turf of the Mohawk Indians. It is 75 miles from the St. Regis Mohawk reservation, where the cattle die of rheumatism within three years of birth thanks to the four-fifths of a metric ton of fluorides dumped by the Reynolds plant into the river every day. It is here that five Mohawk chiefs, under indictment since last summer on the dubious charge of not letting CETA crews chop down the trees on the tribe's own land, were still manning a barricade with a few dozen other traditionalist Indians, arrayed against the FBI, state police and Olympic SWAT teams when the games ended.

Here, too, is Olympic Village, a housing created for foreign athletes which will soon be occupied by inner-city juveniles. But the youths who'll replace the young men and women who competed in the games will not so much be housed as incarcerated. For the village, once stripped of the amenities temporarily provided for the athletes, will be converted into a penitentiary by October.

If this were not enough, the Olympic prison is situated on Adirondack Park lands declared in the New York constitution to be "forever wild"—but the state officials got around that by selling the area to the feds for a dollar. The Federal Bureau of Prisons was so eager to get building that it ripped off the design from the Memphis Youth Prison, which has its heat provided by the Tennessee Valley Authority's cheap hydroelectricity, without even stopping to think that heating with electric power in the midst of the ongoing energy crisis, in a boondocks area with severe winters, was hardly the height of conservationist wisdom.

Add all of this data together and you've got Indian movement heavies, as well as the antinuke, antiprison, antipollution and Sierra Club activists, all in a lather—and all

continued on page 81

This was originally designed as a memorial, but its tombstone appearance is very apt.

NORTH AMERICA

Cashing In on the Quattrocento:

Art Guru Bernard Berenson and His Billion-Dollar Scam



NEW YORK CITY—Revered art critic Bernard Berenson not only profoundly shaped the 20th century's aesthetic outlook before his death at 94 in 1959, he also took that world for a wicked ride in his youth, new disclosures show. It seems Berenson, after graduating Harvard University and building a monumental reputation as an expert on Italian Renaissance paintings, entered around 1911 into partnership with a truly venal British art dealer, Joseph Duveen. Duveen would peddle classical paintings to wealthy but unsophisticated art collectors—mainly American millionaires—on Berenson's recommendation, and Berenson would pick up a quarter of the profit on each sale.

Which itself is fairly routine, but now it's been revealed that Duveen very frequently retouched classical paintings for purely cosmetic purposes, often to their everlasting harm; and that quite often this work was done with the knowledge and even guidance of Berenson. Moreover, according to art historians Colin Simpson and Meryle Secrest of Great Britain, Berenson was in no way averse to misrepresenting the source, authorship and even the artistic quality of a painting to a prospective buyer, in order to jack up the price.

"The Madonna of Humility" (left) apparently had little influence on Bernard Berenson (above) whose love of art was exceeded only by his lust for the buck.

Celebrated collectors like Andrew Mellon, J.P. Morgan, Benjamin Altman and Joseph Widener were all sucked in on this scam, which may have been perpetrated nearly 300 times. Nearly \$3 billion worth of European artwork was shipped to the United States through the Berenson-Duveen partnership before it broke up around 1937, with Berenson alone raking in some \$50 million. Since then most of the works have been obtained by various museums like the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York and the National Gallery in Washington, where professional curators have quietly revised their value and determined their true historical authenticity.

A prime example of all this is a painting currently in the National Gallery entitled "The Madonna of Humility." In 1928 Duveen obtained it and had it "reworked" in the Paris firm of one Mme Heller, who specialized in coating old paintings with a particularly glossy and attractive resin varnish. Berenson grandly attributed the work to

Masaccio (1401–c. 1428), and Andrew Mellon paid over \$100,000 for it in 1938. Now the gallery specifically lists the Madonna as "not by Masaccio," and describes it as "ruined"—since Mme Heller's snazzy varnish has a distressing tendency to suck up underlying dirt and become cloudy.

Another \$250,000 ripoff involves seven panels on the life of St. Francis, painted in the 1400s by Sassetta (Stefano di Giovanni, c. 1392–c. 1450) and bought by New York industrialist Clarence Mackay in 1927. Duveen's Parisian "restorers," after removing the original frame, actually painted a cloak over the bare arm of the saint's father in one panel, among other enormities. All the panels were treated to the attractive but perishable gloss and reset in new gilded frames—in the wrong order. Kenneth (now Lord) Clark of the British National Gallery was thrilled to buy the tainted Sassetta for a mere \$96,000 in 1935—without knowing, evidently, the reason for its drastic devaluation.

Berenson frequently expressed reservations about the work of Duveen's restorers—Simpson says that over the years, Mme Heller's people began to develop a "style" of their own, so that a lot of different Italian masters began to look perplexingly similar—but he never admitted the true extent of their blasphemies.

He was definitely in on the scam, though. In 1923, Duveen sold to an American millionaire a painting by Fra Angelico (c. 1400–c. 1455) that has been retouched and remounted no less than twice. Berenson was still unsatisfied: "If the picture has not yet gone," he directed Duveen's people, "please have it done over again, but in two parts, the figures and the landscape separately."

And the great critic clearly had no qualms, at this time, about bamboozling callow Yanks by plain lying. When the buyer of the Fra Angelico expressed concern over its distressingly obvious retouching, Berenson sought to bulldoze him with a line of medicine-show malarky worthy of W.C. Fields: "I can only think that your suspicions are aroused," he crooned, "because it is, as I remember after much careful study, so miraculously well preserved—*nicht tüchtig abgescuert* ('not heavily scoured') as is so horribly the case with most Old Masters in the market. Here, on the contrary, the bloom of ages remains as on a fresh flower."

Whether Berenson's veiled tribute to Mme Heller's magic varnish truly deceived the American is not on record. But although Berenson's scam remained largely undetected during his life (Duveen died in 1939, leaving a stipulation that his business records stay sealed in a vault of the Metropolitan Museum until 2002), he died a tormented man. Despite the unqualified acclaim of the entire art world, in 1954 he confessed that he had trouble going to sleep at night.

Feds Drop Hatchet on Mohawk Nation

continued from page 79

with one focus. For activists who've been languishing in the woodwork since the '60s, it was a golden opportunity to get things rolling in the right direction in the sure-to-be-apocalyptic '80s.

None of the planned or actual actions involved violence: With 11 security checkpoints in the vicinity of the games and thousands of paranoid federal agents and police plagued by recurring dreams of the Munich catastrophe effectively putting the area in a state of siege, even the semblance of violent protest would have been foolhardy. But there was no need: Three to five thousand foreign journalists provided coverage free of charge, and peaceful and constructive events proved more than adequate for the collective airing of grievances.

Just a few samples of what went down: Plans to convert the Olympic prison into an alternative energy research and development center were publicized in tandem with protests against the situation as it stands—thereby circumventing the '60s malady of presenting merely negative positions. These actions ran the gamut from serious to whimsical. On the lighter side, helium balloons printed with "Stop the Prison" floated in front of cameras everywhere, and runners in handcuffs attempted, Yippie-style, to accompany the Olympic torchbearer on his run. In a more serious vein, Olympic athletes and visiting dignitaries were invited to visit the "host nation" of the Mohawk Indians on their tribal reservation, and the Olympic torch committee's runner was met at the border of the Indian territory by a bearer of the Onondaga's own eternal firebrand—that is, a torch lit from the Six Nations Confederacy's centuries-old fire, of which the Onondaga are the traditional firekeepers.

The Six Nations Confederacy includes the Mohawk, Onondaga, Seneca, Oneida,

Oneonta and Tuscarora tribes. Our own Constitution and the United Nations Charter were largely inspired by the Six Nations' own "White Roots of Peace" or "Great Law"—a law whose ratification was obtained by the real Hiawatha, not Longfellow's sentimental canoeist, and is still in effect. The Six Nations are, by treaty, an independent and sovereign state, and their cause has found new life in the Olympic controversies.

Though you may not have caught any of the action referred to on your tube, rest assured that European and Third World viewers were tuned in. Twenty-three members of the European Parliament have introduced measures to censure the United States government for its South Africa-like treatment of its native peoples. As the initiator of the censure, Italian representative Mario Capanna noted that the U.S. treatment of the Indians is in violation of articles eight and ten of the Helsinki Accord—the same accord our government hypocritically waves in the faces of the Soviets and the South Africans.

And if violating the Helsinki Accord were not enough, the Constitution is also being trampled. The St. Regis reservation has a legally sanctioned government comprised of a half dozen trustees who are the direct carry-overs of a group of Christianized separatists who not only decided to live apart from the tribe, but to sell all the rights to their tribe's lands to the state of New York as well. These first trustees—including a priest, a half-black Mohawk and a half-white—performed their dubious sellout a decade after the ratification of the U.S. Constitution, which forbids states from making treaties or agreements with foreign nations. Not surprisingly, the traditionalists on the reservation have been at odds with the trustees' so-called government ever since. And what with the indictment of the chiefs, the manning of the traditionalists' barricade, and the general paranoia over Olympic security arrangements, tensions between traditionalists and "assimilated" Indians have never been so high.

Things are incredibly out of whack at St. Regis—so out of whack, in fact, that a march across the reservation territory from Hogansburg to the barricade at Racquette Point has been organized to protest government interference and proclaim native solidarity. The catch is this: The march, involving perhaps a thousand Mohawk from on and off the reservation, has been organized by the elected Mohawk government. For the traditionalists' and trustees' factions to join hands, something outrageous must be happening, and it is. Recently a circuit-court judge ruled that the Mohawk nation doesn't even exist, consistent with two centuries' worth of New York State policy, but hardly with constitutional law. The long and short of it is this: Now that everybody's onto the government's scam, things should start happening fast.

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SOUTH AMERICA

"Born-Again Imperialists" Ravage the Amazon

by Segundo Sombra

BRASILIA, BRAZIL—The remorselessly banal "modern" architecture of this capital city, artificially carved into the deepest Amazon, represents a grim symbol of the military Figueiredo government's expansionist policies into these trackless territories. Behind the rhetoric of economic progress and the promise of new lands for adventurous slum dwellers from the pestilent coastal cities of Rio and São Paulo lies the systematic penetration by multinational corporations like U.S. Steel and Union Carbide. In order to pay its huge national debt, the Brazilian government has sold or leased millions of square miles of the world's largest potential reserves of iron ore, bauxite, manganese, tin, diamonds, uranium, timber and petroleum.

Some 78 multinational companies so far control land projects in the Amazon. Destroying the ecology and decimating the Indians with diseases for which they have no natural resistance, a network of trans-Amazonian highways is being constructed to facilitate development of the jungle. From the beginning of this process, an obscure but powerful and extremely well-organized American pseudoreligious outfit, the Summer Linguistics Institute (SLI), has sent "linguistic missionaries" to precede and open the way for the future development and exploitation of the region.

In the December '79 issue of *HIGH TIMES*, "The Planet" introduced and exposed the activities of the SLI in Colombia's Meta Province, bordering on Venezuela and Brazil. Despite requests from the Colombian congress, military security agencies and national press for the expulsion of the SLI from the country, its "missionaries" remain well planted in Meta. In reality, the SLI is the foreign arm of the Wycliffe Bible Translators Foundation, a religious organization founded in California in 1934 by evangelist William Cameron Townsend. In 1946, SLI launched its Amazonian adventures in the Peruvian jungle, slowly infiltrating afterward into other South American countries.

A penetrating exposé of this cryptic evangelical outfit was recently published in *Analisis Latinoamericano*, a New York-based journal of Latin American affairs that provides a much-needed alternative to the ultrarightist, CIA-Cuban-controlled Hispanic press in the United States.

For years, South American intellectuals have accused the SLI and other similar "protestant" groups of connivance with the CIA. Former Brazilian cabinet minister Darcy Ribeiro, one of the nation's most respected ethnologists, accuses the SLI straightforwardly: "I think that the presence of these American missionaries, with their fleets of airplanes and complex communications systems, holds to a perfectly delineated strategical plan. Imagine, for instance, the possibility of nuclear war; the missionaries could use the vast Amazonian territories to evacuate American survivors. You must not forget that for the Indians, they are the only masters."



Map on wall of New Tribes Mission HQ in Bolivia shows "mission" sites.

Ribeiro, who served under the democratic regime of João Goulart, has also documented the genocidal policies toward the Indians that have arisen since the Amazonian expansion began. "Of the 230 tribes at the beginning of this century, 87 have completely disappeared," he recounts, "and the situation of the rest is very difficult. There has been talk of the 'assimilation' of the Indians, but the few survivors we've encountered don't know anything of their tribes, have forgotten their tongues, are discriminated against because they're Indians and they wander in misery in the highways and streets of the towns, victims of alcohol, impoverished, with their wives, sisters and daughters forced into prostitution."

According to the *Analisis* investigation, SLI is partly sponsored by something called Cross-Cultural Research, Inc., a Washington-based outfit that is itself linked to Operation and Policy Research, Inc.—a notorious CIA front. Another CIA cover that funnels funds into the SLI is the Rabb Charitable Foundation.

The true function of the SLI is blatantly illustrated by the operation of their "linguistic research" centers. These are established all over Brazil's Amazonian region, where they work with more than 44 tribes—ostensibly to record their tongues, chart etymologies and translate the Holy Bible into their languages. Yet these bases more closely resemble military installations than religious retreats. Sophisticated radio communication systems link the main bases with the various centers deep in the jungle, and their main offices are computerized. Moreover, they run something called the Jungle Aviation and Radio Service, whose number of airplanes and frequency of flights is simply too great for simple "born-again Christians."

Since 1956, when the first "Bible translators" arrived in the Brazilian jungle to conduct field work and convert the Indian tribes

—in whose lands important natural resources had been detected—the SLI worked closely with the government's now-infamous Society for the Protection of Indians (SPI). A national scandal exploded in 1968 when then-attorney general Jader Figueiredo released a 5,000-page report on investigations into the extreme corruption of the SPI and allegations of systematic genocide campaigns undertaken by it. The Figueiredo report impassionately documented cases of airplanes bombing tribespeople with dynamite and hastening their inevitable contamination by "civilization" with clothes impregnated with tuberculosis, influenza, venereal disease and other contagious agents (see "Flu Warfare," "The Planet," January '80). The result was an uproar so extreme that the name of the SPI was changed to National Indian Foundation (FUNAI), which reportedly has been responsible for precisely the same enormities.

The SLI maintains intimate links with such multinational corporations as U.S. Steel. Currently, for example, they're conducting "linguistics" research among the Xavantes, Apatnayé, Kraho, Karajéas, Kanela, Assurinis and Bororos tribes, which have the misfortune to inhabit a region where U.S. Steel is exploiting one of the world's largest iron deposits.

Other, even more obscure "evangelist" outfits function throughout South America. The New Tribes Mission (NTM), for example, currently has missionaries in Colombia, Venezuela, Paraguay and Brazil. The NTM was founded in 1952 by a certain Sofia Müller, who worked at first with the Colombian Indians and later expanded into Venezuela. In 1976, the Venezuelan congress conducted hearings into both the NTM and the SLI, which were then working in regions of the Orinoco presumed to have important oil reserves. The Venezuelan congressmen found suspicions that the NTM had distributed tran-

sistor radios among the Indians—radios that could only pick up one mission-controlled station, broadcasting "God's word" in the Indians' own tongue. And the head of the NTM's Venezuelan operation, one Jim Bowen, just coincidentally happened to be an expert in detecting strategic mineral deposits.

Alexis Ortiz accused the NTM of threatening Venezuela's national security, by "de-Venezuelizing" the Indians along the Brazilian border; of building clandestine airstrips in regions beyond the control of the federal authorities; of extracting valuable resources from the jungle; and of obtaining and withholding strategic information from the government. The area in question is believed to harbor abundant uranium deposits.

Neoprotestant groups like the SLI, the NTM, the Amazonian Evangelical Mission and so on, all with bases in North America, have occasionally been successfully chucked out of South American countries. The SLI was expelled from Peru in 1975 after the military government uncovered several links between the institute and the oil companies exploiting the Peruvian jungle. In Ecuador, on the other hand, the SLI helped to "integrate" the Auca Indians into "reservations," to get them out of the way of the drilling operations that sprang up during the short-lived Ecuadorian oil boom. In northern Brazil, the Amazonian Evangelical Mission has worked in areas inhabited by the Yanomamö Indians, currently under massive pressure from companies eager to exploit the suspected uranium deposits in the area.

Ironically enough, the Catholic Church—which historically pioneered the deculturation of South American Indians for the benefit of colonialist Spanish invaders—has now very vigorously assumed the role of defending the Indians' rights. The Indigenous Missionary Council (CIMI) was established in the early '70s to try to preserve what's left of Brazil's Indian cultures. The majority of the Catholic missionaries are working to win respect for the Indians' self-determination. The Sisters of Father Foucaut, for example, far from imposing anything on the Indians, are reportedly helping them strengthen and reaffirm their traditional mores and rituals.

However, the progressive attitudes of Catholic activists like the CIMI are currently coming under stiff opposition from the highest levels in the Vatican itself—and of course they receive no encouragement from the military dictatorships that infest most of the continent. Even when powerful national politicians, as in Colombia and Venezuela, launch investigations into the SLI, they are invariably stymied by "heavy-weight contracts and important godfathers" that work to quell such inquiries.

Religiopolitical outfits like the SLI are mainly financed, trained and staffed by American citizens. Until the U.S. Congress itself initiates investigations into these groups, Americans will undoubtedly remain wholly unaware of how diabolical some "missionary" efforts may be.

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EUROPE

Returning to the Old Values:

Semisecret Order Grabs Power in Vatican

ROME—Shaky finances and a long-awaited backlash against politically progressive South American clergy are seen as contributing to the Vatican's drift toward extreme conservatism over the last year. A little-known ultraconservative religious order, the Opus Dei, has reportedly gained immense influence at top levels in the Vatican Curia, displacing the traditional Jesuit Order in something very much like a knockdown, drag-out corporate back-room power play.

Opus Dei—"God's Work"—was founded in Spain in 1928 by Fr. Josemaria Escrivá de Balaguer, who throughout his life was one of the prime political cronies of fascist dictator Francisco Franco. Its semisecret membership, unlike most traditional Church orders, is composed of both laypersons and clergy; it advocates pious virtues like celibacy and corporal discipline, but also takes a shrewd and pragmatic interest in matters of industry and politics. Members of Opus Dei openly resist submission to local bishops and pledge personal fealty to the maxims of Escrivá, who died in 1975. A representative maxim: "War has supernatural use... war is the greatest obstacle to the difficult path... but we have in the end to love it as the religious man loves his discipline."

Pope John Paul II, when he was archbishop of Krakow, was exceedingly close to the Opus Dei, frequently visiting their headquarters here. Since his accession, powerful sympa-



thizers with the order, such as Cardinals Sebastiano Baggio and Sylvio Oddi, have emerged as top policymakers in the Curia. Baggio and Oddi are known to have engineered last spring's official inquisition against the liberal Dutch Catholic philosophers Hans Kung and Edward Schillebeeckx; the inquisition was purposely medieval in tone in that the Dutch theologians were tried by a Church court without knowledge of the charges against them or the identities of

their accusers, and their ideas were condemned by the Holy See. The Baggio-Oddi coup was viewed as an ostentatious declaration of intent by Church policymakers to revert to medieval authoritarianism.

The pope, known to suspect the activist South American clergy of pro-Communist inclinations, has openly rebuked the Jesuit general for tolerating such activities. The new Vatican secretary of state, Magr. Eduardo Somalo, is working to wrest con-

Drizzle Fizzles Concorde

LONDON—Last August a supersonic British Airways Concorde lifted off from Heathrow Airport, pointed its needle beak for the United States, and promptly lost all the console lights on its "Green" system, which governs the plane's landing gear. The pilot banked around, dumped 15,000 gallons of fuel into the Atlantic and touched back down at Heathrow after locking in a standby system for the undercarriage.

A burst pressure pump in the hydraulic landing apparatus was replaced and the plane took off for New York again. Late that night, though, the same thing happened after the bird left Kennedy Airport. Another 11,000 gallons of fuel went into the sea, and the Concorde returned to the British Airways strip at Kennedy for a third pump.

Green-system malfunctions in British Concordes inexplicably began occurring late in 1978, and some 24 incidents occurred over a ten-month period. The airline spent thousands of pounds repairing cracked pipes and blown pumps in their undercarriages, frantically trying to track down the gremlin responsible for the syndrome. Traces of water, it seems, were showing up in the hydraulic fluid used to operate the Green systems; under the stress and heat of supersonic flight the water would evaporate into high-pressure steam, blowing valves and splitting pipes.

Investigators finally turned up the grem-



lin. According to the *Sunday Times* of London, the six-gallon drums of Concorde hydraulic fluid had commonly been left standing before use in a Heathrow storage lot, exposed to the London drizzle. Rain-

water would collect on the drums' lids and be splashed into the fluid when the drums were opened. Since this discovery, Concorde Green systems have reportedly performed without flaw.

trol of the influential Vatican Radio from the Jesuits in favor of the Opus Dei, and a move to actually canonize the late Fr. Escriva is reportedly afoot. "Pope John Paul thinks that the founder was a saint," declares Fr. Richard Stock, British head of the Opus Dei.

Most ironically, the semisecret order's power grab has been greatly facilitated by the stunning reversals in the Vatican's financial position over the last decade. In 1972, control over the megamillion-dollar Societe Immobiliare, a Church-owned investments fund, was given to international powerbroker Michele Sindona, recently convicted of massive bank fraud in the United States (see "The Planet," May '80). Sindona is known to have blown at least \$68 million of Vatican money before his biggest project, the U.S. Franklin Bank, collapsed in 1974 and exposed him. Testimony at the Sindona trial (where, incredibly, he was given a character reference by the Vatican, in spite of all) has established that Sindona's American adventure was greatly aided by the secretary of the treasury under Nixon, David Kennedy. And now Kennedy, currently president of the Continental Illinois Bank, is a conspicuous friend of the new powerbrokers in the order of the Opus Dei. Precisely because of this, observers believe, the pope is counting on the order to reverse the multimillion-dollar deficit the Church sustained this year.

Russians Edge Out Yanks in 1970s Nuke Trials

HAGFORS, SWEDEN—Nuclear powers detonated a total of 421 H-bombs during the 1970s, according to the global nuke observatory here. The Soviet Union edged out the United States, scoring 191 explosions to a mere 154 by the U.S. France placed third with 55 nuke blasts, China managed 15, Britain barely pulled through with 5 and India placed last with 1.

Undersecretary of State Inga Thorson recounted these "disgusting statistics" at a 40-nation disarmament conference in Geneva, Switzerland, last spring. While the USSR averaged about 20 nuke-booms per year, and the U.S. about 15, France in 1979 blew off the most concentrated series with 9 underground tests on Mururoa Island in the Pacific. This affords "ample proof," she observed, that none of the countries that possess nuclear capabilities are prepared to think responsibly about controlling them.

Thorson made no mention of the mysterious nuke blast monitored last year over the Indian Ocean by a U.S. spy satellite, which was originally rumored to be a bomb test touched off by the Republic of South Africa. Subsequent rumors have attributed the event to the accidental self-destruction of either a U.S. or Soviet nuke sub.

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South African Army Brutalizes Recruits

KIMBERLEY, REPUBLIC OF SOUTH AFRICA—“Capture by the enemy, even a lengthy term of imprisonment, would have been preferable to what was done to our son in detention barracks,” says the mother of Arnold Lewin, who died at 18 last year in the custody of military police. Lewin, a signalman in the army, had been charged with sleeping on duty in his radio shack and was penned up in the detention barracks at Grootfontein in northern Namibia. There he passed out during compulsory exercises in the desert heat and was savagely beaten by guards on the way to the hospital. The cause of death was determined to be heat prostration and internal hemorrhage. Seven army guards were charged with culpable homicide.

Lewin's death by military torture is only the most highly publicized case of brutality within the South African Defense Force (SADF). Scores of similar incidents have been reported in recent years, as the SADF has become increasingly embroiled in combat zones in Namibia, Zimbabwe, on the Mozambique border and in the Transvaal itself, where infiltrating black-nationalist guerrillas have reportedly set up semipermanent action bases. In response, the SADF has intensified its training to such a degree of ferocity that conscripts nowadays are put through routine “reintegration” programs before returning to civilian life, to teach them how to function as human beings.

Because every white male between 17 and 35 is compelled to join the SADF for an annual service stint, the army lately has undertaken a massive publicity campaign

to downplay “any suspicion of ill-treatment or sadism in the force.” However, on the very day Brig. Gen. Cyrus Smith stated that the army “could not afford to stand idly by and tolerate cases of intimidation, ill-treatment and sadism within the ranks,” another private was admitted to a hospital here after only 16 days on duty. He died a week later.

Concern over the brutalization and dehumanization of conscripts has sparked a broad movement among whites to at least initiate some form of conscientious objection in the Republic of South Africa (RSA). The figurehead of the antidraft forces is Peter Moll, 23, currently doing 18 months for his third refusal to report for military service.

Moll served in the SADF for a year at age 17; when he was detailed for standby service in Soweto, Johannesburg's troubled black suburb, he became disenchanted with the racist RSA regime. When his next call-up came due, he simply refused to report, saying that as a Christian he could not fight against fellow South Africans. He cited the injustice of the migratory labor system, which is purposely structured to deny blacks citizenship status; of white ownership of 87 percent of the land; of bannings and arbitrary detention of opposition political figures, and police shootings of unarmed blacks as reasons why he could not fight for apartheid.

The non-Dutch religious community in the RSA—the Anglican Synod, the Catholic bishops and the Presbyterian church—supported Moll, who was given a suspended sentence for his first call-up refusal, and



South African recruits who survived training parade in Owambo.

a 50 rand (\$59) fine for his second. At his third refusal, he was jailed; on his release he'll face a new call-up and another jail term if he refuses, and so on.

Meanwhile, discontent within the SADF is growing noticeably. Seven soldiers broke out of the main detention barracks at Voortrekkerhoogte near Pretoria last year, and some 300 soldiers went AWOL from their camp in north Cape state to protest conditions and the lack of leave between combat stints in Namibia.

AUSTRALIA

“Back-to-the-Bush” Movement Threatened by Nuke

MANINGRIDA, AUSTRALIA—The central government runs a special resource center for aborigines out of this dusty settlement on the edge of the northern Australian outback. In the bush beyond, some 95 “outstations” of aborigines, comprising 30 to 60 clansfolk apiece, move about nomadically in the fashion of their ancestors, and the Maningrida station provides two-way radio contact with each group, basic supplies and emergency medical help by plane.

The outstation movement, begun in 1974, is about the first serious attempt by the government to help the northern aborigines stave off extinction by allowing them to return to the old ways. Most of Australia's estimated 200,000 aborigines were born in city slums or dilapidated settlements, their great-grandparents having been lured or driven off the land by whites seeking metal-ore deposits. The aborigines, like most “primitive” people thrust into profound culture shock, suffered tremendously. Fifty years ago, their population hit a low of

50,000, and the current reckoning is only an approximation, since the government has never undertaken a census of aborigines.

Over the past six years, government panels have been formed to inquire into the conditions of the aborigines and their published results invariably provoke widespread public shock, but very little real response. Alcoholism is endemic among native communities in the northern sections of Australia and, according to a recent report to the House of Representatives Standing Committee on Aboriginal Affairs, threatens the aborigines' existence. Infant mortality among aborigines is four times greater than among whites, and those in the north suffer from an excessive incidence of leprosy, venereal disease, hypertension and depression. The Australian College of Ophthalmologists recently determined that two out of every five aborigines suffer from trachoma, a type of chronic conjunctivitis.

Diagnoses of the malaise afflicting the aborigines mainly cite racial discrimination

by Australia's 14 million whites; in fact, the average life expectancy for a native Australian is only 38, compared to 73 for whites. Aborigines are accorded low social status here and suffer from the worst housing conditions. Intermittent social programs are mounted on the aborigines' behalf—they already receive greater welfare benefits than whites and special employment programs, and families whose children stay in high school get special subsidies—but little seems to help substantially.

The root problem, many feel, is that the aborigines need their traditional social and cultural beliefs and lifestyles in order to physically survive, and that the white majority has never understood this, or taken “abo habits” seriously. The director of a special native health clinic near Sydney, Naomi Meyers, insists that whites simply lack the proper mind set to significantly help the aborigines, who should themselves be in charge of their social-service agencies. Herself an aborigine, Meyers says,

ASIA

Egg Discrimination Ceases in China

SHANGHAI—The Western omelet is gaining unprecedented acceptance in urban China, thanks to a highly ingenious ploy by sagacious price-fixing bureaucrats. In a program to streamline egg production, state poulterers some years ago commenced importing huge flocks of leghorn hens from Europe, Australia and the United States. These chickens are genetically programmed to produce eggs without any extraneous waste of energy, so that they produce much more plentifully than peasant farm hens, which have to scratch for food and fight for nest space a lot.

And the leghorns produced abundantly, but nobody felt entirely comfortable with their productions. Western eggs are white and thin-shelled, compared to sturdy brown peasant eggs; and worst of all, leghorn yolks are precisely the pale, sickly yellow shade of death in this country, and who wants to eat death?

Propagandists for the *Wen Hui Bao* daily here rather feebly point out that white eggs have more protein and less fat than brown eggs, and that because the shells are thinner, the consumer at market gets more edible egg per dozen. Consumers sagely retort, though, that thin shells can be a distinct liability for most Chinese, who pedal home from market with their eggs dangling from their bicycle handlebars in fishnet bags, over bumpy roads, through pelting rain and driving snow as often as not. Break one egg, and the advantage of thin shells entirely disappears.

Obviously, some extremely dexterous



government influence had to be exerted on the egg situation, or the expensive leghorn project might go flop. So last year, someone in some state ministry cunningly raised the official price paid to farmers for eggs, making it greater than the retail price charged for eggs in the state-run markets. Shrewd farmers jumped at this obvious opportunity to profiteer a little, and sold their eggs to the government, bought them at a discount in the markets and then sold them to the government again, before they went bad. It turned out not to make so much of a difference after all whether the eggs were white or brown; as long as folks could make a few extra pennies on them, they sold briskly. Egg production skyrocketed, and before very long, urban shoppers were avidly consuming any eggs available, regardless of color or place of national origin.

The eerie death-pallor of Western yolks is still unsettling to many Chinese, though. In response to this, agricultural experts in Peking have informed farmers that by switching their leghorns' diets from sorghum to corn—wherever corn is available—their yolks will turn out darker and healthier looking.

Development

"We must be given a choice of what kind of health service we want, and we must be in charge of the money allocated for this area, instead of a large, white bureaucracy running things."

The outstation movement here in the new Arnhem Land Reserve, an aborigine reserve 150 miles east of Durin, is the physical application of this sort of thinking. Of course the primeval cultures of the northern aborigines can never be entirely reestablished, but it's felt that by preserving themselves from erosive contact with whites, the abos can restore a vital sense of inner and outer well-being.

However, even this last-ditch try for self-preservation may be doomed. The Canberra government last year approved the opening of two new uranium fields for exploitation right in the middle of Arnhem land (see "The Planet," January '80), and the whole region is squalid already with hard-boozing white miners, prospectors, cops and boom-town camp followers.



Coiled Quiz: This tangle of newly hatched reticulated pythons became the object of some conjecture at Sydney's Taronga Park Zoo. Even experts had difficulty determining the number of snakelets in the reptilian litter.

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INTERNATIONAL WEIRD

"I Didn't Fuck Teddy"

"If Kennedy himself had arrived with a bunch of red roses I might have accepted," sniffed Soraya Khashoggi, the Arabian temptress, in recounting her turndown of the allegedly amorous American senator Edward Kennedy. Ms. Khashoggi, the sometime wife of Saudi oil magnate Adnan Khashoggi, said of Kennedy, "The man was just pimping," when he invited her to fly from her London home to Boston for a weekend. "I assumed he meant for Mr. Khashoggi and myself," sneers the self-styled princess. "Then he said the invitation was only for me. I was outraged."

Ms. Khashoggi shock-thrilled all Britain last spring with her intimate and prolonged account of dalliance with Parliament's Winston Churchill (grandson of the Winston Churchill), sometime husband of another woman. She also cited Frank Sinatra in a similar context: "I knew instinctively that I would finish the night with him." The fatal Soraya's string of celebrity revelations was cut short only when eminent male British politicians, journalists and barristers began enthusiastically competing with each other to make up fictional erotic encounters with her.

Now He's Sorry!

"Rock 'n' roll is detrimental to the hearing of the youngsters who go to it," swears Walter Brattain, 77, who'd like to "take my rifle and shoot the damn guys" who pump it through transistor radios into kids' ears. Brattain feels personally involved in it all, because on December 19, 1947, he produced the first transistor effect in his lab in Walla Walla, Washington. Four days later he'd perfected the first solid-state amplifier, and ever since then his magic apparatus has been exploited by rock fiends. "It is not, in my estimation, music," he declares. "Just noise."

On the other hand, Brattain advocates



the use of transistors to broadcast news: "People don't have to know how to read and write to know what's going on in the world."

Hot Enough For You? Huh?

Topflight weathercasters are in danger of losing their regular *People* magazine profiles, if a recent Dutch experiment is ever undertaken in the States. Government researchers began calling radio listeners every day, right after the eight o'clock weather reports, to ask them what they thought tomorrow's weather might be. It turned out that hardly anyone remembered the report correctly enough to give an accurate answer. Listeners seemed not to hear qualifying words like *occasional* or *possible*; if they heard *snow*, all they could remember was that it was supposed to snow—even if the blizzard had been predicted for Australia, not Holland. The general recall of weather forecasts, the researchers determined, was no more accurate than the general recall of nonsense words uttered at random.

As a result, ever since then, Dutch weather forecasters on the state-subsidized channels have been keeping reports very clear and to the point.

Woof Goo Gai Pan

The peasants, workers, student cadres and all party functionaries of a northeast China



town responded with laudable zeal and alacrity to the sorrows of a local restaurant that announced it had entirely exhausted its supply of gourmet dogmeat. The people of the locality promptly gathered 1,400 local dogs to sell to the restaurant, while the adjoining communes promised a shipment forthwith of 30 tons of canned chow.

One Slice with Sturgeon, Da?

First You Steal Some Pasta Dept.: Somebody had to explain pizza to the Russians



and the task had to fall on poor Iosip Tervenkovich. "Just imagine something similar to *vatrushka*, the small Russian cake, with curds, only two or three times larger," Iosip says helpfully. Then you replace the curds, see, with some kind of sharp white cheese like your now unrecognizable *vatrushka* with tangy tomato sauce and greens, slip it into a stove, and—but no, you have to have a *special* stove for this. That's how Iosip got stuck with this impossible job; he directs the Yugoslavian firm that wants to import pizza ovens into Russia.

Cambodian Nostradamus Unearthed

Past events in Cambodia may have a much deeper root than Henry Kissinger and Richard Nixon's original triggering of the holocaust, according to a brief news story broadcast by a Paris radio station and later published elsewhere in Europe. An ancient Cambodian seer supposedly foresaw Cambodian history for a period of 5,000 years in which Buddhism would last in this culture. The prophet predicted that in the middle of this era, war would devastate the country: All cities were to be abandoned by their inhabitants, small villages would also be abandoned and "blood would rise until it reached the height of an elephant's belly." The history of secret bombings, Khmer Rouge madness, foreign invasion and famine has all come true in the most horrifying details. However, the prophecy's second part, that Cambodia will rise from its ashes to finally prosper, remains to be seen.

Hell No, We'll Go

"It is not the policy of South Africa to boycott any country for whatever reason," Prime Minister Pieter Willem Botha firmly wrote U.S. president Jimmy Carter last January, after Carter sent him a letter beseeching him to keep RSA athletes away from the Moscow Olympic Games. No one evidently advised Carter that the RSA hasn't been allowed to compete at any Olympics since 1964.

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Books.

The Atlas Of Medieval Man
by Colin Platt
New York: St. Martin's Press
\$22.50

It's not a collection of old maps, as the title suggests. In fact, there are only two medieval globe-maps in it, the A.D. 1500 navigational chart compiled by Columbus's pilot, Juan de la Cosa (showing Cape Cod, where Columbus never went, in exquisite detail), and the A.D. 1154 Muslim atlas of al-Idrisi, which is printed here, most wonderfully orthodox, upside down. I ordered this book from St. Martin's as a pure ripoff, expecting a musty anthology of old maps, interesting only to map freaks like me and hence unreviewable. Betimes it came in the mail, weighing nigh unto a full kilo of book, and I opened it for a brisk leaf-through and slammed it straight shut, bang. "I gotta wait to look at this thing," I resolved, "until I can score some *psilocybin!*"

Yeah, when the blue meanies come and take away all your bongos and flake plates and Marygin cannabis sifters, you should turn to this book as the *ultimate* article of drug paraphernalia to enhance your highs. It's hardly what the author, a brilliant medievalist at Southampton University in Great Britain, probably had in mind when he composed the text, which obviously is the labor of a lifetime of fascinated study; but the art people at St. Martin's who put it together, and the printers who wrought the engravings and mixed the pigments and burnished the paper, they *clearly* had a special sense of what it was about. And the people who created all these wonderful medieval things, between A.D. 100 and 1500, were manifestly higher than hell.

There was something special in the air, no way around it, back then. The medieval era was the crown of creation, the best and liveliest epoch in human cultural evolution, the top of it; we have never been *nearly* so terrific, before or since, and it's not likely we'll get much closer to it this time around, before we have to start all over again from scratch or less than scratch. The happiest thing we can do, really, is to get all this medieval stuff together in one

place—and here it is, courtesy of St. Martin's—and open our heads completely to it and find these medieval people in ourselves. We *accomplished* all this, once upon a time, and we can be proud of ourselves for that, even today, in spite of all.

You can dream wide awake for hours, for one example, over the full-page representation of the Castle of Mehon sur-Yevre, painted circa 1420 in France. The dominant image, the castle, is faded-ivory fairy-tale white, all Gothic bric-a-brac in off-gestalt perspective, tall God-seeking weather-vaned spires growing up out of oak-solid foundations rooted in a muddy moat in which pale swans glide. The river feeding the moat winds and bends down from the lunar hills beyond, and in it floats a state-of-the-art lateen-rigged, broadbottomed *barinel* working effortfully upstream, trailing her dinghy. Beyond the lunar hills, 50 miles off, a curving horizon is clustered with immensely exciting steeples and gables, for all the world

like the Manhattan skyline viewed out of Central Park. Away, away up in the vespers-purple sky, standing atop a marvelous pillar of twisted rock, Jesus the Christ, halo and all, clutching his robe close to his chest, leans back in majestic contempt, away from a comically scroungy pitch-black demon, hovering ram's-horned and bat-winged in midair, proffering fruitlessly to the abstinent Messiah a cup of something undoubtedly wickedly seductive. And way, way down in the bottom foreground, a bristle-maned heraldic lion sits on his haunches under a leaf-naked yew, grinning up at the wretched human he has treed in the branches aloft.

For sure there was something special in the medieval air, and we were infused with it everywhere over the world. While Dante was pursuing his Beatrice through hell and worse, on Easter Island they were putting up those terrifying stone visages, and in Guatemala the Toltecs were zoning the smoggy prefectures of Chichén



Itzá. While Anna Comnena, teenage daughter of the emperor Alexius I of Constantinople, was plunged in puppy love for the swivel-hipped Crusader Roger, Viking king of Sicily, the middle-class burghers of Zimbabwe were paying pure gold to the hash-toking Sufi Zanzibaris for pepper and calomel from India and brilliant Sung Dynasty Pekinese ceramics. Cambodia, under King Suryavarman II of Angkor, administered an empire that stretched from the Mekong to the Ganges. Hindu artisans in Khajuraho were carving ecstatic pornography onto their temple walls, and in Europe the Cistercians were erecting cathedrals even more magnificent than the Castle of Mehon sur-Yevre.

It was all nothing like paradise, mind you. There was Genghis Khan, and then Timur Lang and then the Black Death of the mid 14th century. Worst of all, in Europe, there was the Holy Inquisition against the Cathars, a slow-burning 300-year holocaust of organized sanctity that finally tortured the medieval tradition to death, leaving us with a big book full of beautiful artifacts. It ain't all rejoicing and ecstasy, medieval nostalgia; it was real life, good and evil, and manifestly a good deal more "real" than what passes for life for most of us today.

Medieval nostalgia, yeah, that ought to be the next big thing, by rights. Sure beats "Happy Days" and *Hair*. If those who set our trends would only latch onto this book, maybe they could work us up something truly exciting, or even—despite themselves—enriching.

—Dean Latimer

What Is B.F. Skinner Really Saying?
by Robert D. Nye
Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey:
Prentice-Hall
\$4.95

If this book's to be believed, we've come a long way since the ancient Greeks. We've moved from "know thyself" to "push thine buttons." Of course, you have to consider the source: The robotic approach to the human soul comprises a particular set of behaviors emitted by B.F. Skinner, along with millions of other hard-core type-A authoritarians, who can hardly be blamed for it. But as Skinner says, asking about blame is an empty question, for it's not the individual, but only the environment that deserves credit or blame for anything.

The environment and genetics cause everything, and all your thoughts and feelings are mere sugar coatings—"special effects" in a dark empty space, like the battle scenes that are such titillating illusions in *Star Wars*. It's only a paper supernova. Thus, you can't ethically blame Skinner for having a prose style as exciting as the "Why did God make me?/Because he loves me" variety of stimulus-response info-feed that another great libertarian mouthpiece, the Catholic church, wields so stultifyingly in its Baltimore Catechism series. If you weren't brought up Catholic, then you and I do not share the same environment of fixed-interval reinforcement schedules—which is what Skinner and Nye would say, instead of merely observing that we went to different sorts of Sunday schools. You get the picture?

Skinner, in case you didn't know, is the guy who trains pigeons to peck color spots to get food pellets. Pecking for pellets is his idea of the archetypal behavior, especially for humans, and he's made a career out of trying to convince us he's serious. He has been ripped to shreds by critics like MIT linguist and intellectual activist Noam Chomsky. Weaned on the study of fascist ideologies and creator of the depth-structure analysis of syntax, Chomsky knows a bogus shell game of name framing when he sees one. Which is why you'll see no reference to him in Nye's bibliography or index. Also, no mention of Jung, or of psychedelic experience, or in fact of *anything* more *au courant* than that passé pioneer of head space, Sigmund Freud. The author pecks no color spots that might incite a drubbing from serious opposition.

In an age when quantum physicists tell us even inanimate *matter* can't be deemed essentially mechanistic and completely controllable, Skinner's radical determinism can only be believed if you think rocks are more complex than human beings.

While even the ocean bottoms and ionosphere are being idly turned to sewage by high-technologists, Skinner actually believes our problems can be solved by surrendering total control to a newer, bolder, more denatured and less knowledgeable breed of scientists, his own "behavioral shapers." This is an opinion in which, of course, his ego (which, by his own theories, is nonexistent, even though he told his wife he was a great genius before she

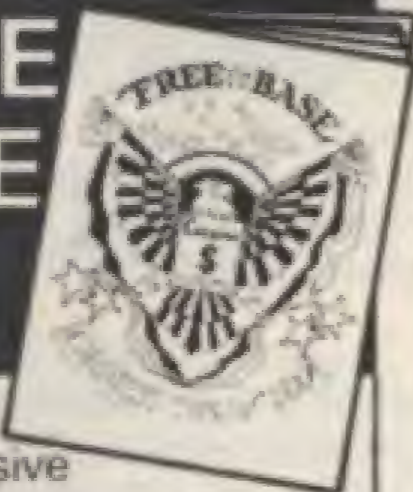
married him) has no vested interest whatsoever. His conclusion is based on the allegedly "objective" hypothesis, propounded by none other than he, that Jung deemed a potentially psychotic faith absolutely unique to Western man; that "we can't know what is going on inside us as well as we can know external objects and events in the surrounding environment."

Lurking beneath the turgid word salad of this pretentious jargonmongering is the assumption that we can only watch our inner states if we're coaxed, by "positive reinforcement schedules" operated by the "verbal community" of peers and teachers, to do so. People supposedly have no curiosity about themselves, no one finds introspection easy or natural; we're all just passive putty in the hands of the natural elements and Skinner's "shapers," incapable of reacting the way human beings do to LSD. Mind drugs, which fuzz the critical dichotomy between "personality" and



Marlene Peabody Allen

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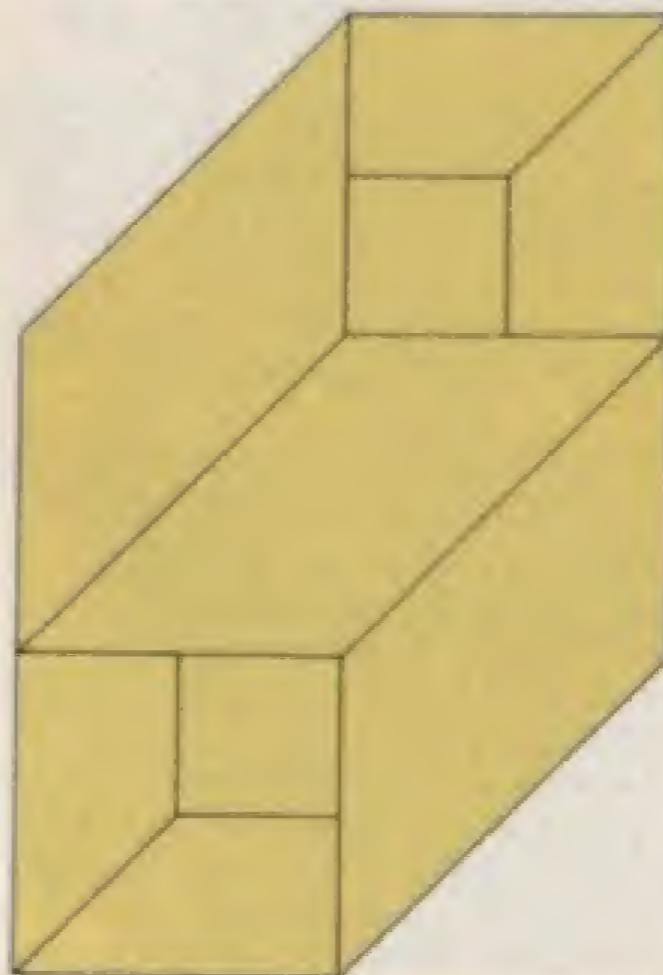
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"environment," have no place in Skinner's algebra.

Once all the window dressing of academic bullshit is taken away from his arguments, we're left with profundities like "the squeaky wheel needs the most grease" (see page 53—I'm serious!). The proof is simple: Skinner's methods *do*, like countless others at direct odds with them, get results—in situations that are sufficiently controlled and with people fucked up, stupid or will-less enough to fit the "therapeutic" criteria. But when you take his banal vision of utopia from *Walden Two* and try to imagine what you'd have to do to achieve it, you get the very societal scaffolding that has actually been realized quite effectively in such so-called primitive tribes as the Senoi of Malaya. The catch, though, is that the Senoi, unlike Skinner and like almost every other ecologically sensible, psychologically stable people in the history of the world, revere *internal* states, such as the revelations gained from dreams and their enactment or from drug trips done with high cosmic seriousness after ritual fasting. The few points Skinner's got right, he's got inverted.

A final word: According to B.F., "continuous reinforcement leads to faster extinction than does intermittent reinforcement." I take this to mean that if we are imbecilic enough to let Skinner's "shapers" mold our lives into a regime of optimum reward schedules, we'll die out even faster than if we face our lives head on. If you read this book for any other purpose than knowing your enemy, you and Skinner deserve each other.

—Robert de Marrais



**Wholistic Dimensions in Healing:
A Resource Guide**
by Leslie J. Kaslof
New York: Doubleday
\$7.95

Because so much of our knowledge of plant- and animal-derived drugs has passed from generation to generation by word of mouth, often becoming distorted along the way, that information is frequently referred to as "folklore." However, suggests Dr. Norman R. Farnsworth, head of the pharmacology department at the University of Illinois Medical Center, when such information has been documented in an acceptable way, the term *ethnomedicine* should be used.

Ethnomedicine is an established discipline within the general field of pharmacognosy, the study of plant and chemical drugs. In the section "Pharmacognosy in Wholistic Medicine" in this comprehensive resource guide, Dr. Farnsworth—in discussing the "laboratory verification of biological activity in ethnomedicinally authenticated plants and animals"—tells us a little about the health-care system in the People's Republic of China, where the natural flora includes about 3,000 species that are used either in organized medicine or as home remedies. The herbal pharmacology delegation from the United States that visited the PRC in 1974 affirmed that medical care in China is equal, if not superior, to that offered in this country.

And this is only an aside, sort of, to Dr. Farnsworth's report on nutrition and herbs. It's followed by a listing of 45 places throughout this country where one can go for treatment, education, products, services or further information on the subject.

Kaslof offers more than 1,000 listings related to alternative health care, divided into topical sections such as integrative medical systems, humanistic and transpersonal psychotherapies, psychic and spiritual healing, and heuristic directions in diagnosis and treatment. Each section is prefaced by an introductory article, such as the one by Dr. Farnsworth on pharmacognosy, and then lists the groups active in that field.

The contributors include a very impressive array of doctors, academicians, authors and founders of various institutes or organizations, among them such pioneers as Lara Perls, codeveloper with her husband

Fritz of Gestalt therapy; Ida Rolf, developer of "rolfing" or structural body integration, and George J. Goodheart, developer of kinesiology. The listings themselves include addresses, phone numbers, names of researchers or representatives of the organization, and in some cases, a short description of the service or product offered.

In his introduction to the book, Rick J. Carlson, author of several books on holistic health, describes this book as a "directory of alternative health care services." To be truly helpful, however—he adds—such a directory must be more than a Yellow Pages. Some criteria must be used to decide who and what should be included. He warns that "inclusion in this book by no means constitutes an endorsement," and, as in all areas, the buyer must beware.

However, Leslie Kaslof has done a major pioneering service in organizing and compiling this work. It is an indispensable research tool for anyone interested in the practical side of alternative healing methods—a helpful guide for enlisting a healer or contacting others of like mind.

—Bonnie Gordon

White Kids
by Michael Wolff
New York: Summit Books
\$10.95

Though I can't say exactly when, name the chapter and number the page, it was somewhere in the first third of this book that I began to smell a rat. Aroused from what theretofore had been merely a mildly unpleasant bit of literary hackwork, I now became sensibly disconcerted. The rat, or shall I say rats, in this instance were none other than the bunch of healthy young American white kids upon whom Wolff has based his work. All these white kids, in actuality, owed their existence more to Wolff's desire to write a book than to the respective mating of their middle-class parents.

A New York journalist, Wolff has composed this, his first book, by stringing together in picaresque fashion five quasi-journalistic episodes, three of which were past newspaper stories that he has fictionalized here. The episodes range from the funeral of one of Patty Hearst's kidnappers, who was an ex-cheerleader gunned down in an L.A. shoot-out with the feds, to a Midwestern honeymoon couple, one



of whom can't decide whether to accept an offer from *Playboy* magazine to pose nude, to a dedicated young West Point graduate determined to make it in today's Action Army.

In some cases on assignment, and in others just out for a good time, Wolff sets off to discover Our Brave New World and the generation it was built for. Traveling from New York across to San Francisco, back down to Georgia and then way down to Florida, he supposedly encountered this purported cross section of American youth. This being a book about "the '70s," all of Wolff's young people are alternately bored, boring, ambivalent, apathetic or tenderly absurd. If "the '70s" weren't still so intimately a part of us, one might even call a lot of the insights presented by Wolff, through his semiarchetypal characters, just plain maudlin; but it should still mildly interest masscult readers for another three to five years.

Thus it happens that the best and most accurate aspect of the book is its title, *White Kids*. For Wolff's opus, in terms of visible pigmentation, rivals Woody Allen's *Manhattan*, where the only occasion on which an off-white face might be glimpsed is when the camera follows Diane Keaton as she dashes from her upper East Side apartment to a waiting cab, in single-minded celebration of the banal pleasures of being free, white and 21.

—George Barkin



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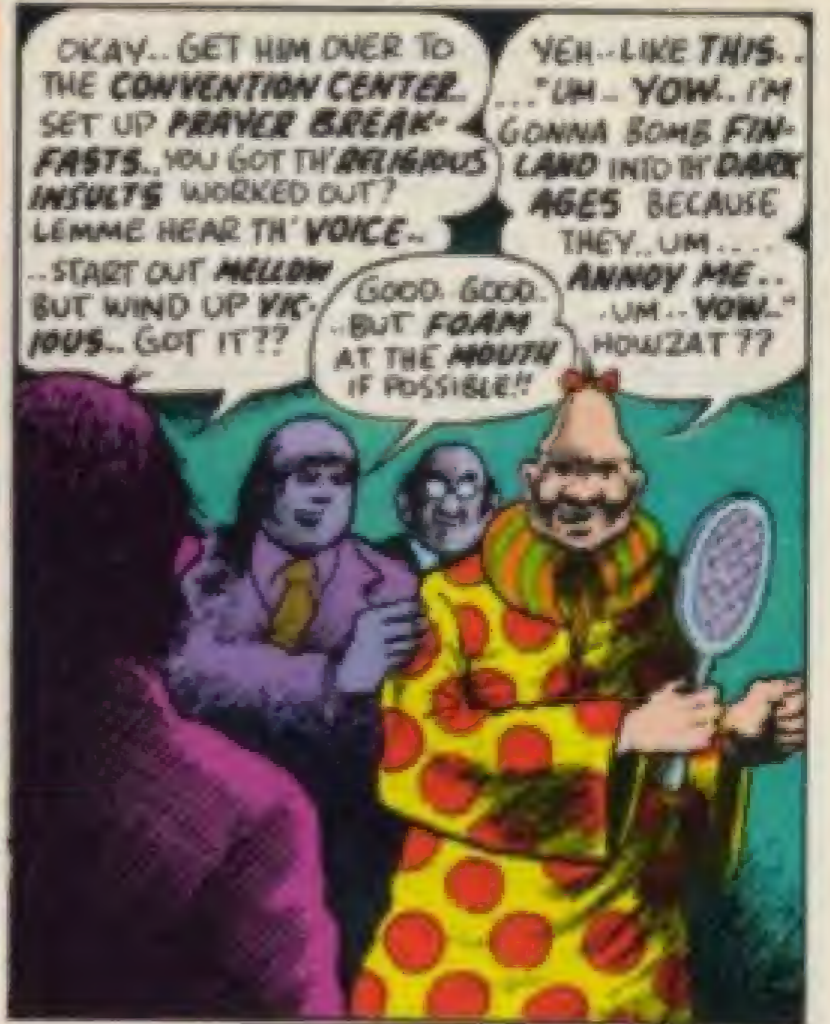
E PLURIBUS PINHEAD

THE ZIPPY CAMPAIGN/PART 6.

HIS CHANCES FOR WHITE HOUSE RESIDENCY LOOKING BRIGHTER EVERY DAY, ZIPPY STANDS ON THE THRESHOLD OF HIS PARTY'S NOMINATION... BUT ALL IS NOT KUMQUATS & COOL WHIP... THERE ARE THOSE WHO WOULD STOP AT NOTHING TO PREVENT THE TAPERED HOPEFUL FROM EVER RE-DECORATING THE OVAL OFFICE!!

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YEH.. LIKE THIS.. "UM.. YOW.. I'M GONNA BOMB FINLAND INTO TH' DARK AGES BECAUSE THEY.. UM... ANNOY ME.. UM.. YOW.. HOWZAT??"

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CONVENTION CENTER, DOWNTOWN PITTSBURGH, NEXT MORNING --



...AND SO, TO YOU DELEGATES, MAY I PRESENT OUR NEXT PRESIDENT-- ZIPPY THE PINHEAD!!

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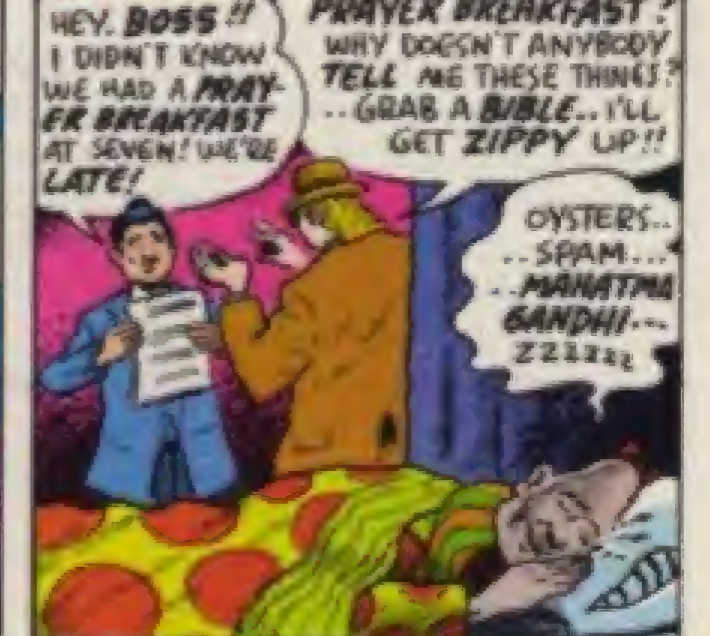


ER... PUT ALL MOSLEMS IN TH' PEN!! STRING UP TH' LUTHERANS! IF THERE ARE ANY.. UM.. LAWYERS, RABBIS OR WOMEN HERE.. GET OUT! -- WOW.. UM.. YOW...

.. TALK LIKE THAT ISN'T GOING TO GET US VOTES.. WHAT'S WITH HIM??

.. MUST BE JOKING... BUT HE'D BETTER WATCH IT--

WHILE AT ZIPPY'S HOTEL --



HEY, BOSS!! I DIDN'T KNOW WE HAD A PRAYER BREAKFAST AT SEVEN! WE'RE LATE!

PRAYER BREAKFAST? WHY DOESN'T ANYBODY TELL ME THESE THINGS? -- GRAB A BIBLE.. I'LL GET ZIPPY UP!!

OYSTERS... SPAM... MAHATMA BANDHI... ZZZZZ



ECHR! HE ADVOCATED USE OF ORPINKS TO TEST FOR RADITION LEAKS! I'D RATHER SEE REAGAN IN TH' WHITE HOUSE!

TH' HELL WITH THAT ZIPPY! HE'S GOT TH' POLITICS OF A MONSTER!

ZIPPY? WHAT'RE YOU TALKING ABOUT? HE WASN'T SAID A WORD YET!! HE JUST GOT HERE!

HE SAID ENOUGH!!

THIS IS BETTER THAN SLEEPING!



THERE HE IS!! WHAT WAS THAT CRACK ABOUT ITALIANS AND VASELINE? I'LL SOCK YOU ONE, YOU DIRTY--

WHOA! THERE'S BEEN A MISTAKE!

DON'T HIT ME! I'M IN THE TWILIGHT ZONE!!



OW!! LEGGO YOU'RE BREAKIN' MY ARM!

I FOUND TH' BOGUS MICRO, BOSS... CAUGHT HIM HEAD-IN' FOR REPUBLICAN HEADQUARTERS!

HOLD TIGHT! WE STILL MAY BE ABLE TO SAVE TH' NOMINATION!

MY DOLPHIN WANTS 2 WEEKS IN VEGAS...

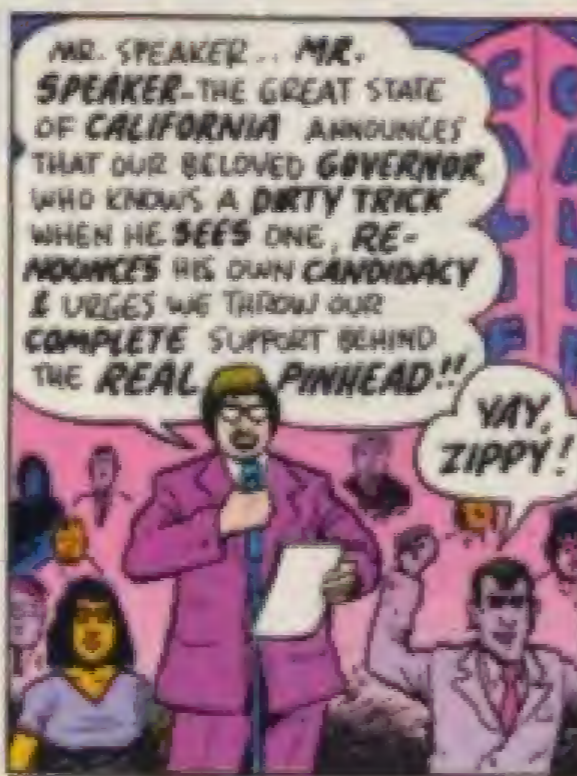


A BIT LATER, ON THE CONVENTION FLOOR--

-- FURTHER-- MORE, IF HE WASN'T SUCH A MAJOR THREAT TO THE OPPOSITION, WHY WOULD THEY PERPETRATE THIS CRUEL HOAX ON OUR PARTY?

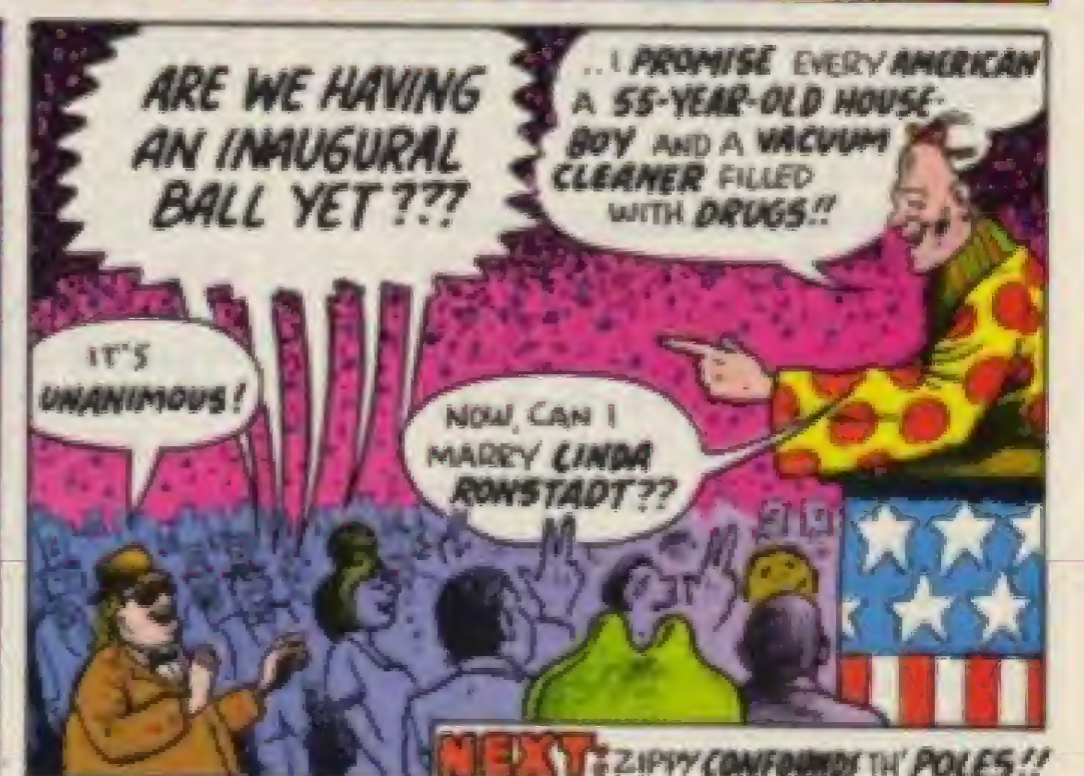
YOCH!! VOILA! ARIPI!

I PLACE BEFORE YOU THE ONE.. THE ONLY.. ZIPPY THE PINHEAD!!



MR. SPEAKER.. MR. SPEAKER-- THE GREAT STATE OF CALIFORNIA ANNOUNCES THAT OUR BELOVED GOVERNOR, WHO KNOWS A DIRTY TRICK WHEN HE SEES ONE, RENOUNCES HIS OWN CANDIDACY & URGES WE THROW OUR COMPLETE SUPPORT BEHIND THE REAL PINHEAD!!

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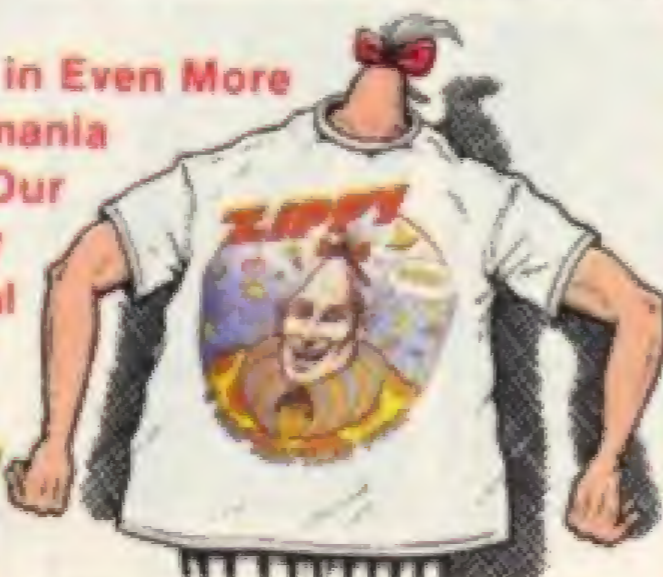
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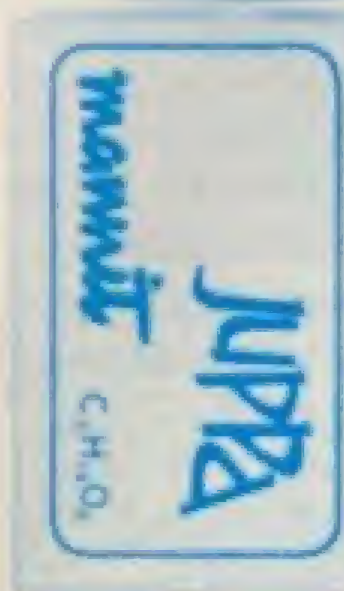
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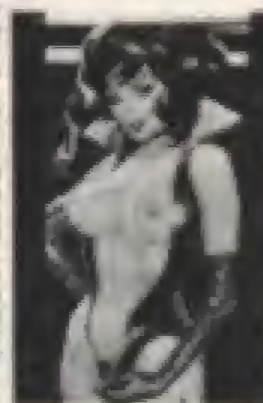
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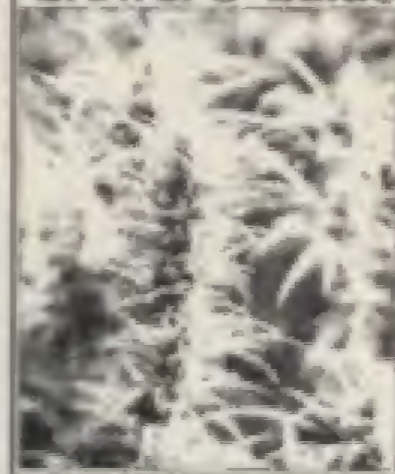
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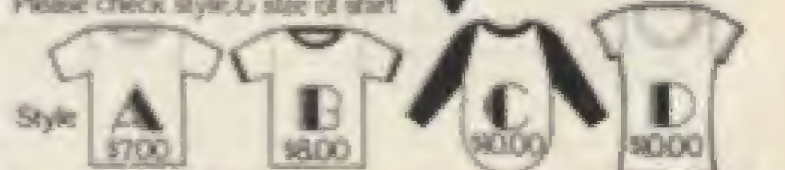
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Best Burns of 1980

continued from page 55

Did you recognize the pungent, familiar, sickly sweet telltale odor of *shit* emanating from this month's centerfold? That's right, we finally did it, trolled the streets and parking lots of America from coast to coast, scoring anything that was offered for sale by perfect strangers. It cost a mint, but makes a lovely picture, right? It wonderfully illustrates the basic axiom of the drug culture: *Always know thy dealer!*

1. "Loose jays": A sublimely nonhallucinatory blend of two herbal teas, wrapped in connoisseur rolling papers.

2. "Shrooms": Long before Europeans came to America, *Phaeolepiota aurea* was well-beloved by all native cultures here. Selling for \$20 a gram on the street and \$2.25 a pound in the grocery, there's not a psychoactive alkaloid in an acre of it.

3. "Ludes": They're fat, they're white, they're thumbnail-scored across the back, they're aspirin. Or maybe calcium. Or they *could* be Nytol®...

4. "Fat caps": Anyone who's ever been strung out on time-capsule medication of any sort will testify to the irresistible appearance, and absolute absence of effect, of Contac®.

5. "Downs": Ornex®, a gorgeous two-tone OTC cough cap, really *does* contain phenylpropanolamine and acetaminophen. Working in your system together, these drugs magically manage to *completely* miss your head.

6. "Black beauties": Capable of making a seasoned biphphetamine-freak's metabolism strip its gears just from the look of their sleek ebony patina, these no-test blends of caffeine and decongestant garbage are moved under OTC brand-names such as Caltrex® and Phenydrine 75®.

7. "Nickel bags": For a mere fiver, anywhere in the country, you can score choice spice-shelf parsley, sunshine-cured alfalfa or, best of all, cigarette filters scooped up off the sidewalk.

8. "Zippies": Small but staggeringly impotent, these OTC motion-sickness caps resemble no known brand of *real* dope, but sell like crazy anyway.

9. "Dexies": Black-market street code for Dexatrim®, a mind-nudging confection of caffeine and decongestant, cunningly crafted to look like the ever-popular Smith Kline Dexedrine® spansules.

10. "Valium": Amber plastic prescription vials, stuffed from the brim to the bottom with cotton, will keep you weird for days: a unique subliminal tumult of embarrassment, resentment, chagrin and blue funk.

11. "Snort": At the top, mannitol, a superb laxative for infants; in the middle, procaine, to numb your nostrils convincingly; at bottom, aspirin. If it's ground finer than 200 microns, it glitters good as \$90 a gram.

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Steroid Madness *continued from page 68*

be instituted, requiring two or three times the work load our former champions required.

Athletes, parents, doctors and coaches are painfully aware of the problems in using drugs to enhance performance. Aside from the rather obvious risk to overall health, the most deterrent factor they perceive is the newer, more refined testing procedures now employed by the U.S. Olympic Committee. A few years ago, an athlete could drop his steroid program a week prior to competing, and the test to detect such drugs would come out negative. Currently, tests can discover any pharmaceutical that has been taken during the previous 30 days.

There must be an alternate plan. I believe the alternative will come not from a pharmacy but from a health-food store. The science of nutrition has grown tremendously during the past decade, and the '80s will bring more discoveries. Already, research on vitamins B₁₂, C and E has shown conclusively that these nutrients enable the athlete to breathe easier, train harder and recover more rapidly. A megadosage of the various B vitamins is being investigated by several research centers, and the preliminary results are very promising.

I foresee that in the near future the aspiring young athlete will be able to achieve the same strength gains from a specific combination of nutritional supplements as he or she formerly could from an injection of Durabolin or a month's supply of Dianabol, and the only side effect will be better health.



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January 23, 1980 President Carter announced in his State of the Union address that he will move to bring back the **draft**.

April 2, 1980 200,000 retired officers notified for possible **active duty** by the army.

April 22, 1980 House of Representatives votes to revitalize the Selective Service Act. Included are plans to **register millions of young men this summer**.

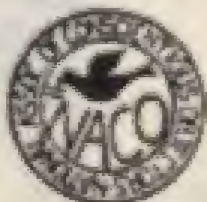
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